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The BYSTANDER

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Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opp. swim. pool. 1st class. Residential hotel, same managem't Hotel des Anglais in forest.

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Baden-Baden.—Hotel Atlantic.—Lichtentaler Allee. Opp. Cas., quiet, south pos. Free fr. dust. Every comfort. Full pen. fr. RM. 9.

Baden-Baden.—Badhotel Badischer Hof.—First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.–Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM. 4. Pen. fr. RM. 10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov. 1935, fac. Kurpark, a home fr. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Golf Hotel.—(Two min. fr. golf course, 18 holes). Ideal home for golfers and those who seek rec. Full board fr. RM. 9.

Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel, zum Hirsch.—150 rooms. All Comfort. Rooms with private thermal baths. Pension M. 9 up.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pens. terms: M. 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Quellenhof.–Nr. Ther. bths. Evry. com. Full pen. fr. RM. 7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im süssen Löchel" f. 1831.

Baden-Baden.—Haus Reichert.—Best pos. near Kurgarden and Casino. Every comfort. Rooms with breakfast from RM. 3.50.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels and Römerbad.—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.–Autors Htl. Prince of Wales.–Fam. htl. pref. by Englishmen. All mod. comf. Mod. prices, excel. cuisine. Prop. A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Strictly First-class, old-fashioned. Facing park. 20 yards from the baths.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1935.

Bad Nauheim. Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden fac'g baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pens. fr. RM.11.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bühlerhöhe Blk. Forest.–800 mt. (2,600 ft.), nr. Baden-Baden. Kurhaus & San. All cure fac. diets, rest cures. All sports. Pen. fr. M.11.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all com. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr. RM.4, with p.b. fr. RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden—Hotel Bellevue—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk.Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.–Breidenbacher Hof.–Lead. htl., r. fr. 5 RM. r., w. bath fr. RM. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Frankfurt-a.-M.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds from RM. 4.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading Hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch.–Bavarian Alps.–Sonnenbichl.–Golf Hotel, facing the Zugspitze, 1st-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 RM.

Heidelberg.—Reichspost Hotel.—Highly recom. by Germ. and For. Guide Books. Opp. Cent. Sta. Wine & Beer Rest. Pens. fr. Mk. 8.

Heidelberg.—Victoria Hotel.—Two min. fr. Station. 175 beds. Adj. Municipal Pk. Well-known Family Hotel. Rooms from 4 RM.

Leipzig—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mannheim.–Palace Htl., Mannheimer Hof.–Latest Creation of European Htl. Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive from Heidelberg.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald.—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort.

Munich.—Hotel "Der Königshof," Karlsplatz 25.—1st class, nr. theatres & museums. 150 rms., 50 bths. New underground garage.

Munich.–Park Hotel.–Well-known family-house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin. Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Triberg.—Park Hotel Wehrle.—First-class, homelike. Full Pension from RM. 9.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronized by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pens. from 11 Mks.

Wiesbaden.–Gr'd Htl. Kaiserhof.–300 beds. First class, in quietest pos. in own large park. Thermal water, Swim.-pool. Carl König.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–Wld. renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

ITALY.

Baveno–(Lago Maggiore)–Hotel Bellevue–The Leading Hotel. On the lake. Private bathing beach. Tennis. Mod. Terms.

Bellagio (the Wonderland).—**Hotel Grande Bretagna.**—The maximum of comfort and distinction with most moderate terms.

Colle Isarco (3,281 ft.).—**Dolomites.—Hotel Gudrun.**—Every comfort. Moderate terms.

(*Continued on page* A).

The Bystander, May 29, 1935

No. 1641. Vol. CXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

LILI PONS—STAR OF THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE

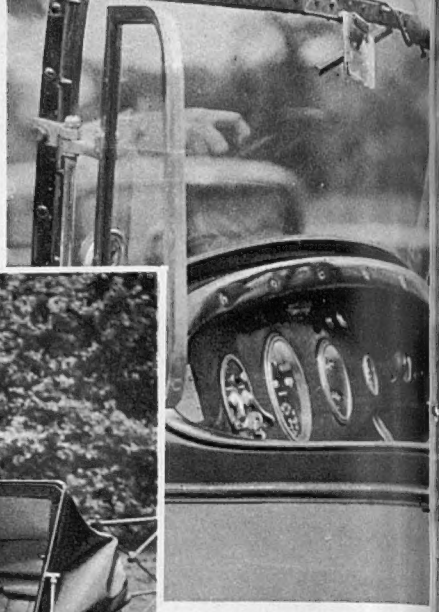
To-night Lili Pons makes her second appearance at Covent Garden, in the Command Performance of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Last week her Rosina was well received, and to-day she is probably not "so scared" as she said she was before her début, even though to-night the Duke and Duchess of York will be in the Royal Box, and she will face a house glittering with tiaras and decorations. She is singing again in "The Barber" on May 31st. After her visit to London she is off to Hollywood to make a film; she has already taken a house on Beverley Hills, complete with swimming-pool, in the approved star manner

The London Roundabout

Swaebe

Park Lane Night Out

At the top are Mrs. de Winton Wills, Mr. Quintin Gilbey, and Mrs. Graeme Ogden, at Grosvenor House, where "Les Girls" are now on parade in new dresses and dances. Below them are the Prince Sirignano, Mrs. Vanneck, Countess Galeazzo Ciano, Mussolini's daughter, and Count del Balzo. They were also at Grosvenor House



Swaebe

The Hon. Mrs. Bowater

Above: the Hon. Mrs. Ian Bowater, who is a daughter of Lord and Lady Dawson of Penn, walking in the Park with her six-year-old daughter, Susan, and her baby son, Michael

The Pageant

Miss Diana Chaloner, joined the army of in the clothes of various for her part as Countess yesterday at Langley

Right: Miss Patricia Villiers Stuart and Lord Monck were at the Golden Ball last week, which was held at Grosvenor House, and is a yearly event in aid of the Golden Square Throat, Nose, and Ear Hospital

Miss Patricia Villiers

Swaebe

Left:

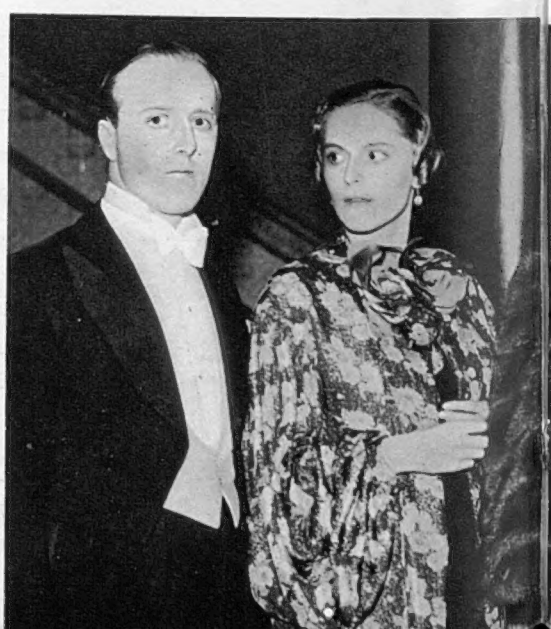
A Deb with Dress Ideas

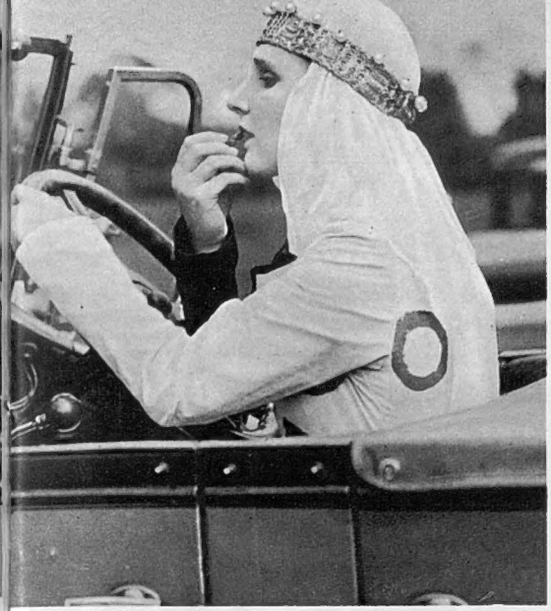
Miss Iris Ryle, the younger of Mrs. Alexis Ffrench's two deb daughters, has been taking a dress-designing course, and has decorated a screen with pictures of the dresses she has evolved. She and her sister went to Court in March in dresses she designed for the occasion

Right:

A Gala Concert for Charity

The Hon. John and Mrs. Scott-Ellis and Lady Howard de Walden were at the Gala Celebrity Concert in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, of which Lady Howard de Walden is chairman. Mr. John Scott-Ellis is her son





Season Has Started

a granddaughter of Lord Gisborough, has pageanteers who are now dressing up daily centuries. She is tidying up her make-up Banke in the Pageant of England which started Park, Slough, and goes on until June 11

Swaebe

The Great Theatre Wedding of Last Week

Mr. Robert Douglas and Miss Dorothy Hyson, Dorothy Dickson's lovely daughter, were married last week at Chelsea Old Church, with the biggest crowd outside that's been seen at a non-royal wedding since the Charles Sweenys'. Robert Douglas is the son of Captain and Mrs. Robert Finlayson. Their reception was at Laurence Olivier's house in Cheyne Walk

Dinner for Musicians

Above: Lady Ravensdale shaking hands with Mr. Cyril Scott, the composer, with Mr. Geoffrey Toye standing between them. This was at the British Women's Symphony Orchestra's Jubilee dinner at the Savoy, over which Mr. Toye presided

Stuart and Lord Monck

Below: Miss Valerie Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak's youngest daughter, and Miss Rosemary Davidson-Houstoun at a meeting of the Young Committee of the India "Hot Weather" Ball, which takes place to-night. Rosemary Davidson-Houstoun is the Young Committee chairman

Swaebe

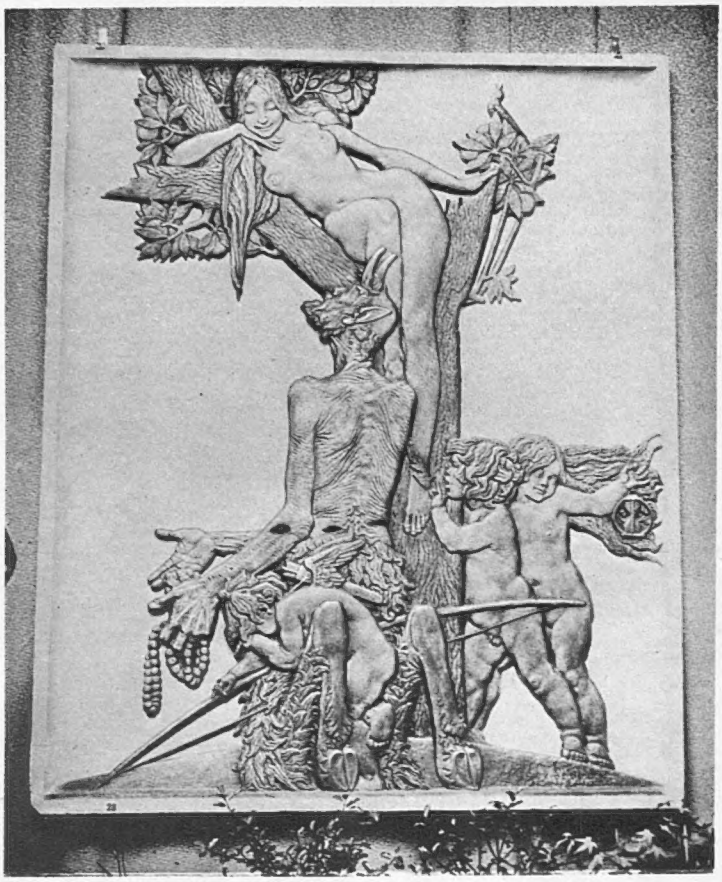
The Pram Parade Again

The Hon. Mrs. John Barran goes out on the pram parade in Hyde Park every now and again, and gives her son, John Napoleon, his sun-and-airing. He was born last year

For the Eye

Sculpture and Pictures That Are On Show and For Hire

On the left and right are two exhibits in the Charles Sargeant Jagger Memorial Exhibition which was opened last week at Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, Pall Mall. The original of "Mocking Birds" is now in the hall of Freda, Lady Forres' house in Chelsea. She was Jagger's only pupil for some years. The exhibition is to be floodlit in the evenings, from 8 to 10



"Mocking Birds," By Jagger

This replica of a plaque designed and executed for Freda, Lady Forres, is in the Jagger Memorial Exhibition

Statuette of the Prince of Wales

An American Sculptor in London

Mr. Paul Manship and one of his famous animal groups, which is to be shown at the exhibition of his work at the Tate Gallery. This is only the second time that a foreign sculptor has been granted the privilege of exhibiting there, the last time being nearly ten years ago. Paul Manship intends to look round in England for further subjects for his "Noah's Ark of Art"—so he describes his animal sculptures

A Picture-Lending Library

Miss Winsome Ward and Mr. Anthony Squire, Sir John Squire's son, and some of the six hundred pictures for the picture-hire gallery which they and Mr. Derek Rawnsley, the airman, are opening in Brook Street. For a small sum per week their clients can hire paintings by modern artists and change them as often as they like

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

High Fliers All

"The Flying Trapeze" (Alhambra)
"Hervey House" (His Majesty's)

Sketches by Rouson

"The Flying Trapeze" (Alhambra)

"THE FLYING TRAPEZE" had been running some little while at the Alhambra before I saw it, and in musical comedy you never know how many changes for the better have been effected in less than no time, but if the show that I saw was the same as that presented on the opening night I cannot but think that the criticism of some folk was a little unkind.

This severity may, however, have been due to the fact that in form *The Flying Trapeze* departs considerably from that of the usual musical comedy, and in consequence, to 'eave arf a brick at the stranger seemed an obvious thing to do, for there is nothing more dangerous than to depart from the commonplace in this type of show.

THE plot is of even less account here than in most musical comedies, and I doubt if ever before or ever again a hero will be revealed as the father of an illegitimate heroine! I believe this very original idea was in the German production, and doubtless there this relationship was the dish on which was served lashings of the stickiest sentiment.

Thank heaven, at the Alhambra the plot is not taken

(*Continued on page* 374)

"The Flying Trapeze"

Mme. la Directrice (Ivy St. Helier) and the dancing horse; Bombi (Fred Emney), a ventriloquist, with his super back-chatting doll (Jack Buchanan). Also a doll of a different type (June Clyde). On the right is Pierre (Fred Conyngham), medical student and quick-change artist

• Second Thoughts on First Nights *(Continued from page 373)*

"Hervey House," at His Majesty's

Moving in High Society. Two great ladies and the man whose life they share. Duchess of Shires (Fay Compton), Sophy Gerould (Gertrude Lawrence), Duke of Shires (Nicholas Hannen)

seriously, and precious little time is wasted on its unfolding. Instead, we are regaled with some bright and amusing circus scenes, the English book by Douglas Furber, with lots of music and songs, and the whole affair very cleverly produced by Erik Charell.

With Jack Buchanan, at his very best as the hero and King of the Air, heading the company; Ivy St. Helier, a delightful circus directrice; Fred Emney, the King of the Air's manager, and, luckily, a ventriloquist who has Jack Buchanan as his dummy; June Clyde, a petite heroine; and Richard Hearne, Pearl Argyle, and Hugh Laing to give dancing turns, I should think *The Flying Trapeze* would not remain stationary for quite a while.

"Hervey House" (His Majesty's)

HAD I not known to the contrary, I should have thought that *Hervey House* was not an original play but an adaptation from some sort of Galsworthian saga, for throughout the evening, in the telling of the story of the Duke of Shires, his family, his mistress, his politics, and his house, there appears to be a perpetual effort to squeeze much more than a quart into a pint-pot.

It is, however, generally known that the name of "C. R. Avery" conceals the identity of a distinguished American actress, Jane Cowl, who, in this "Kiss from Columbia"—for the play deals kindly with English tradition—has at all events avoided the mistakes so often made by American authors in writing of those whose names figure in Debrett.

MISS COWL is not, however, so successful in evading anachronisms, and I am surprised that, with all the care lavished on a superb production directed by Tyrone Guthrie, some of the minor ones were not spotted and eliminated at rehearsal.

But there are some major anachronisms, too. For instance, unless my ears deceived me, the Duke of Shires is a pillar of the Liberal Party, and is constantly consulted by members of the Cabinet on vital matters, yet, when one of these conversations takes place (in 1901), it is the Conservatives who are in power and not the Liberals!

Also in that same year a very moral Labour member tells the Duke that unless he discards his mistress, the Labour Party will revolt. Surely not a very alarming threat or one allowing the Labour leader to throw his weight about, when one recalls that in 1901 that Party numbered precisely eleven out of six hundred and fifteen members.

IT is a pity that mistakes such as these, as well as others which could easily be obviated, help to engender a feeling of incredulity in a story which has its good points, if only for the chance it gives to some of the cast of building up character. For instance, Fay Compton as the Duchess, by many clever touches displaying both sincerity and artistry, makes of the forgiving wife a believable human being. Gertrude Lawrence, too, as the mistress, Sophy Gerould, is given an opportunity of acting and not merely appearing as Gertrude Lawrence, while both together show what lovely old ladies they will be in about fifty years' time. Nicholas Hannen was perfectly cast as the Duke; while among a crowd of other excellently played parts, Stafford Hilliard, as the Duke's sporting uncle, is given the opportunity of painting almost a full-length portrait, which he does with the same facility as the many miniatures in which he has previously specialised. To sum up, a very solid, very expensive, very West-End production.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Moving in Low Society. Stone (Ernest Jay), a Labour leader who becomes an M.P.

Cannons of Hollywood

THE LADY MARGUERITE STRICKLAND

A new portrait of the Earl of Darnley's only daughter, who married Claud Strickland, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Strickland's son, last summer. She is twenty-two this year, and her husband is twenty-six. They have a flat in Duke Street. Both their families live in the country: the Stricklands and Lord Darnley in Kent, where the latter owns Cobham Hall, and Lady Marguerite's mother, who is now Mrs. Hugo Chandor, at Dunsfold, in Surrey

Clubs Without Quarters

No. 4.

H.B. and Derby Club

By Charles Graves

Caricatures by H. H. Harris

Lord Portal Mr. James de Rothschild The late Sir Walter de Frece Mr. Claude Leigh

IT was not until the H.B. Club was merged into the Derby Club, with Lord Derby as President, that the long-cherished secret of the meaning of the mysterious initials was disclosed. The explanation was that it stood for Honey Boys, after Tom Honey, who, with Fred Bishop and Oddenino, was one of the original founders of the Club. Fred Bishop, who is getting on for ninety now but still bets like blazes on horses, is the sole original survivor. Poor Tom Honey, tall and bearded, and with a metal device to aid his hearing clamped on his ear, was the right-hand man of J. B. Joel, and a great character. About thirty years ago, the membership increased to about twenty. Even of these there are barely half-a-dozen survivors, though they include, of course, the ever green Harry Preston.

ORIGINALLY there were two dinners a year: one before the Derby, and one before the Cambridgeshire. Latterly it was reduced to one—before the Derby. Members could bring as many guests as possible. On one occasion, one hundred and fifty sat down to dinner. The first one I attended myself was at Gatti's, some ten or twelve years ago. Then, as ever since until his death, Sir Walter de Frece acted as the auctioneer in the sweep, which was, of course, the big feature of the Club dinner. Five years ago it was held at the May Fair Hotel. Lord Rosebery had promised to come, but was ill. The bill was one thousand and eighty-nine pounds, but, with the sweep money in addition, it came to two thousand five hundred and fifty-five pounds ten shillings.

CLAUDE LEIGH bought Blenheim for one hundred and twenty pounds, and won seventeen hundred and eighty-nine pounds—as good an investment as this shrewd business man has ever made. Having won the money, he entertained the members to a terrific banquet at the Savoy. His guests sat down at a gigantic horseshoe table. There was artificial turf, real flower beds, and a complete miniature race-course. In the following year, Claude Leigh having become a member, the Derby dinner was held also at the Savoy. On this occasion, he bought Orpen and Sandwich for one hundred and eighty-five pounds, and won exactly five hundred and fifty pounds with the place money. That was the last of the H.B. Club dinners.

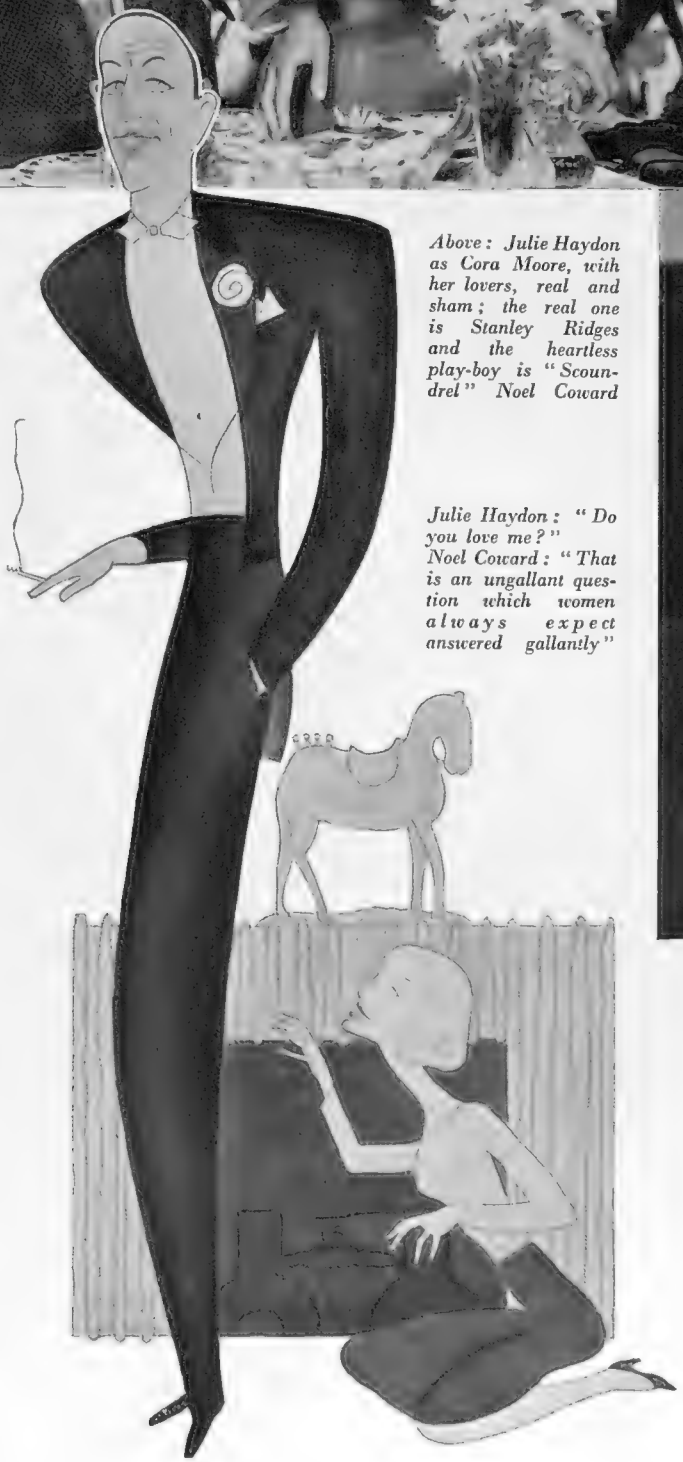
IN the following year, a meeting took place at 25, Upper Brook Street, and a resolution was proposed by Sir Louis Newton and seconded by Oddenino (both of them are now dead), that the H.B. Club should be wound up, and that its good will should be vested in Fred Bishop and Tom Burrows. Sidney Galtrey ran the invitations for the Derby dinner; Lord Derby took the chair; and Claude Leigh bought April the Fifth, after an almost interminable speech by

(*Continued on page* vi)

Sir Alfred Butt

Lord Derby Lord Glanely The late Mr. Solly Joel

Below: the Poetess and the Publisher: Cora (Julie Haydon) gives Anthony Mallare (Noel Coward) her heart, but he has no use for it



Above: Julie Haydon as Cora Moore, with her lovers, real and sham; the real one is Stanley Ridges and the heartless play-boy is "Scoundrel" Noel Coward

Julie Haydon: "Do you love me?"
Noel Coward: "That is an ungallant question which women always expect answered gallantly"

"The Scoundrel"

Noel Coward as a Film Star With Julie Haydon as His Partner

HERE's a new thing—Noel Coward as film star. He certainly has versatility handed to him on a pewter plate; in fact, what 's left for him to do, now he 's been actor, playwright, composer, lyric-writer, producer, and villain-hero of a film? In *The Scoundrel* he makes his first appearance on the screen, as a brilliant, heartless young New York publisher whose love-affairs are all one big pretence. Julie Haydon, lovely blonde daughter of a Hollywood newspaper owner, for whom a big acting future is predicted, gets her first lead as the girl who falls in love with him. He has to get killed and come back as a ghost before we know he had a heart after all. This Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur production—which is a curiosity stimulator, whatever its other qualities—had a midnight première at the Plaza last Thursday in aid of the Prince of Wales's Appeal for the Jubilee Trust Fund

Six O'Clock Parade

Cocktail-Parties Goings and Comings

Lady Blane and Her Daughter

Were at Mrs. Stewart Johnston's party for her daughter and step-daughter. Lady Blane's husband, Sir Charles Blane, was killed at Jutland. Her only daughter, Helen, who was still deeply sunburnt from spring ski-ing, is one of England's eight best women ski-ers

Kitzbühl Trio

Above: Mrs. Rupert Brooke, Susan Henderson and Diana de Horsey were at Mrs. Cecil Leatham's "Kitzbühl re-union" sherry-party. Mrs. Brooke's husband is a nephew of the Rajah of Sarawak

Below: Major John Marriott acting as Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger's escort. He used to be in the Scots Guards, and married a daughter of the late Otto Kahn. Mrs. d'Erlanger was Edwina Prue, of New York

Mrs. Rex Benson at Home

Watching some of her guests arriving for her cocktail-party. She and her husband have a house in Sussex Place. He plays a lot of polo, both here and in the States

Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Gwynne

Mrs. Ernest Simpson and Mrs. Erskine Gwynne were at an amusing cocktail-party Mrs. Rex Benson gave the other day. Mrs. Simpson's cape was a fur one dyed bright blue

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

ALL things, as the oracle of the Holy Bottle remarked to Pantagruel, move towards their end, and we were not among those who deplored the recent passing of *Young England* from the West End with useless tears. Nevertheless, it was a marvellous play; marvellous because it was sincere. We saw it in its first week, before the earliest bloom was off it, and before the playboys and rowdies in the audience thought they could be as funny as the author, which they certainly could not. The audiences at *Young England* towards the end were pretty tiresome, and it seems to us mildly significant that, as one critic pointed out, the worst and noisiest nights were Thursdays, which—by a pure coincidence—is early-closing day in the Suburbs.

Young England as a work of art is unique. Some time ago Mr. Christopher Morley (if we're not wrong) tried reviving specimens of Victorian melodrama in New York. It was very funny, for the most part, but it was frank guying, whereas *Young England*, being the serious work of a sincere and earnest and unsophisticated author who believed in his message and expressed it in terms of the year 1900 or thereabouts, deserved being played with reverent care and received without Yahooism from the audience. The gentleman who climbed on the stage at one performance and got a sock on the jaw from the junior villain, incidentally, got off rather lightly. The late Alfred Lester once got so tired of similar frolickings that he took a running kick at the playboy concerned from behind the drop-curtain and landed him crash into the orchestra, to everybody's relief.

Page Mr. Disney

IF the League of Nations has done nothing else for civilisation, it has this month, speaking through its Child Welfare Council, officially approved the Mickey Mouse films for universal exhibition, and is now able to lean back and relax. We're glad about this decision. We didn't think much of the League till now, agreeing with M. Daudet's celebrated description of it as "this collection of aged spinsters dried on the stalk, of professors of Patagonese, of babblers, of coquecigrues, of pastors frocked and unfrocked, of delirious cockatoos, of unemployed typists," etc., etc. Well, the League has now done something really good.

In our opinion Mr. Disney by himself justifies the invention of the cinematographic film and atones for all the half-baked poohbah, the slop, the raw imbecility, the debased history, and the vulgar pretentiousness which has come out of all the world's studios since filming began. There is more airy, fantastic invention in almost any one of the Mickey Mouse or Silly Symphony series than Carroll or Lear ever conceived, let alone the dreary crowd of nitwits who produce "comic" books for children every Christmas. We rank Disney with Hans Andersen for delicacy of poetic imagination, and he's got a fund of rich grotesquerie Andersen never had. In a word—did you guess?—we think the lad is pretty good, and a much better artist than some Royal Academicians. But if he weren't happily independent of the big film moguls, could he ever do it?

Auntie Says "No"

WHILE on the topic—and what a topic!—of the Academy, we might remark that we aren't the only people in London who are puzzled over this year's complete exclusion of one of our foremost modern portraitists, H. James Gunn, whose "Delius" was the picture of 1933, and whose "Conversation Piece" the picture of the year before. The old ladies of the Committee presumably have their reasons, but we happen to have had a pre-view glimpse of Mr. Gunn's portraits of Reginald McKenna and Sir Harry Preston, and if any of the slick, flimsy magazine-cover stuff displayed in Burlington House at the moment is a patch on either of these considerable works we'll eat five tubes of Chinese White before breakfast. Both were excluded.

In the view of most connoisseurs with whom we've discussed it, this is a much more surprising business than the row over Mr. Stanley Spencer's works of whimsy and defiance. Perhaps something unconnected with art-values has annoyed the old ladies. Perhaps Mr. Gunn wears the wrong kind of hat, or rolls his umbrella carelessly, or writes "May 10" instead of "May the 10th." We wouldn't know. Academies are often odd. Alphonse Daudet's deadly satire, *L'Immortel*, shows what can happen among the chosen of the Académie-Française, and although our British institutions are naturally free from any unworthy or foreign pettinesses, it may be that Auntie is easily upset or offended by little things the public knows nothing about. If we were an artist of any eminence who has thus unwittingly offended we should pull a long snook, give a one-man show, and leave the rest to the leading critic boys, whose fearless, unswerving labours in the cause of Art are known to all, tra la, tra la.

"Watch it! I could walk into the rough now and wait for it"

Crossed Wires

INTERESTING, the case of Herr Max Frankl, a prominent Viennese merchant who blamed his recent bankruptcy on a spirit named "Michael," who has apparently been giving him business tips, all wrong, for the past three years. Judging by the average stuff emitted by mediums, "Michael" was a bit more intelligent than most of the occult brotherhood, though he certainly didn't know much about the Stock Markets; which should be a warning to business men.

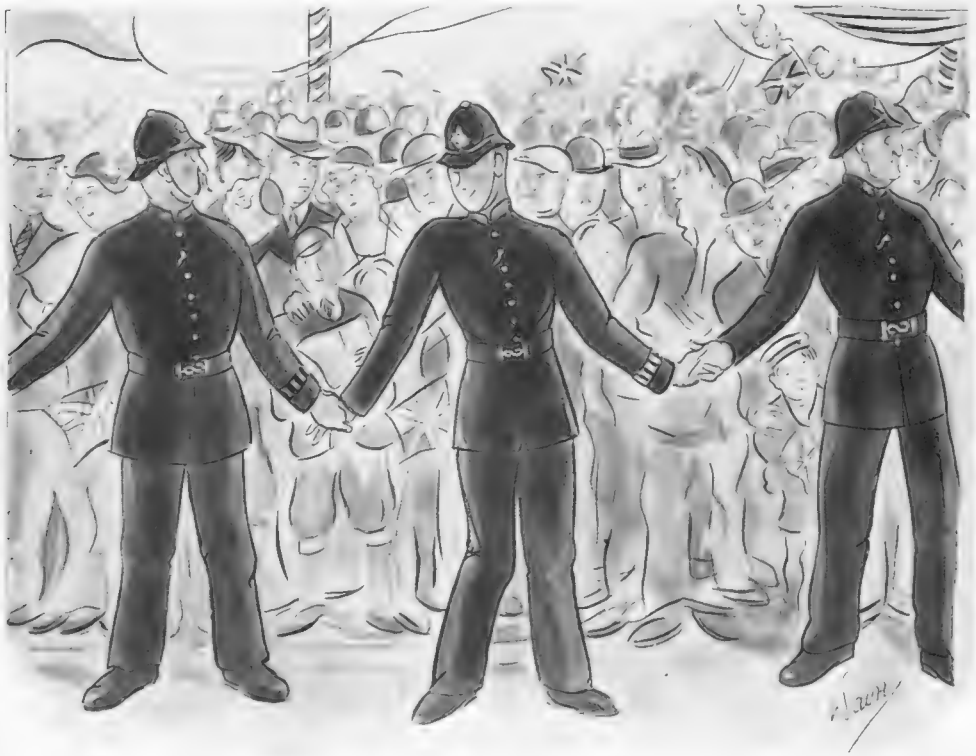
In this country business men don't go in much for spiritism, but they frequently consult the fairies instead. We know one stockbroker who takes all his business troubles to Little Mother Wendy. A bishop advised him to. He doesn't actually get hot market tips from the Little Mother, but having, figuratively speaking, her healing kiss on his brow fortifies and encourages him to trot back and sell out at 35. You can see a queue of red-faced business men at the Peter Pan statue most mornings, our Kensington Gardens spies tell us. Most of them leave dainty little perfumed, appealing, three-cornered notes by the pedestal. "Darling Peter, tan 'oo tell Big Bwuvver if Wubbers will wise a point?" "Peeze, Peter, would it be a *dweffle* wisk if Uncle Fweddie was to fweeze on to those wuddy old Mbongo Pwefs till they weach 67?" Some of them tiptoe round the statue with twinkling spats and blow a kiss to Peter before tripping away to the City. It 's quite an institution now.

Love Among the Chickens

THE Hauptmann kidnapping trial wasn't all tense melodrama and bravura organ solos by the lawyers, judging by a note in the engaging Mr. Walter Winchell's "Broadway" column in a New York daily, which has only just come to us. Mr. Winchell was there, and so, apparently, were the girls. "Frixample," as Mr. Winchell has it:

"That doll from the Philly [Philadelphia] papers was a cute little thing. . . . Her name was Knox, Jean Knox. . . . Schoolgirl type, soft skin, good reporter. . . . Connie Joyce in the balcony. . . . She was the lass the boys wrote notes to. . . . Then there

"Can't you put a little horror into your voice, Miss Speed, when you say 'No, not that!'?"



"Stop it. You're tickling"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 32.—G. K. Chesterton

A MASTER of sound paradox
Is honest G. K. C.,
And in his poems he gives socks
To those poor boobs whom good wine shocks,
For with a gusto Gilbert knocks
The bigoted "T.T."
Who thinks all man needs here below
By way of drink is H^2O.

A number of his novels are
In Rabelaisian vein,
And Wisdom sparkles like a star
In regions of Phantasia
(That simile 's not up to par,
But I won't try again);
And much he writes is underlined
With humour of the subtler kind.

Detective stories, too, he 'll write
Concerning Father Brown,
A gentle priest, but erudite,
In whom his readers all delight,
For though G. K.'s frame is not slight
Or light as thistledown,
He is not, as you 'll understand,
The least bit heavy—in the hand!

B. W.

was 'Miss Akron,' with her black bobbed hair. . . . We had such a time with 'Miss Akron.' . . . She was always leaving her seat and Mrs. Stockton and the rest of us in the sector had to fight with people to get it back for her. . . . She just wouldn't stay put. . . . Well, she finally won the 'Popularity Contest,' and she gave her flowers to Mrs. Hauptmann, which shows you what a big heart she has." (Etc.).

Happy Mr. W. Winchell! He has no libel laws to speak of cramping his style. We dursn't repeat here some of his lines about the Great (including one or two about our Viscount Castlerosse—"Cassy" to Winchell). It's worth an occasional sock in the jaw, which we believe Mr. Winchell gets, to be as free as that. The same applies to our friend and one-time boon-companion Mr. Benchley, wielding his pen with the easy negligence of a nobleman week after week in the *New Yorker* and the *New York American* and elsewhere. God bless his bonny old face! Those boys don't know how well off they are.

Half-Marks

OUR praise—see above, if you're not too tired—of *Young England* was to have extended to a quasi-Elizabethan film we saw the other day. We guessed beforehand it would be as unsophisticated and as coloured-story-booky as Mr. Walter Reynolds's classic piece, but having seen it we can't in justice give it as high marks. All the Spaniards in it were properly dark and low and sinister, and all the English high-minded and pure and blonde, and the little ships (miniatures, fighting in tanks) looked very like ships, and Drake's game of bowls was just like the grocer's Christmas almanacks, and Drake himself had the official pink halo, with no indiscreet mention of his addiction to double-crossing or his slave-trading business or other dirty works. In a word, it was pretty much like *Westward Ho!* and other official history, and had practically no relation to the major facts, and all concerned are therefore now eligible for the next vacant history chair at Oxford or Cambridge. Why we couldn't enjoy it as we enjoyed *Young England* was that the dialogue wasn't as good. It just lacked that floridity and those rhythms necessary to make essence of spooju a perfect work of art.

"I want to give my wife some Baby Austins"

"He's so unrestrained"

Bluebeard Knew

AMONG the booksy girls and boys at a party the other evening was a novelist who, we imagine, has tried every form of publicity except shooting himself with a copy of his last book clasped to his bosom. He asked us if we knew any stunts not already used to fool the public into buying his stuff. Short of the suicide one, which he spurned, we could only think of sealing up the last fifty pages of flub-dub and loudly advertising the fact that their contents were too stark and harrowing to be exposed to the ordinary gaze.

We think that would most likely get 'em. The device has a universal appeal to the latent Nosey Parkerism in all of us. Women above all (they tell us) succumb with hardly a struggle to the urge to peep behind things to see what's there, and it is notorious (people say) that anything sealed rouses in them all the raging devils of curiosity, whose names (if you didn't know) are Azibazan, Xixixaxar, and Rhizoman, to name only the three major, or boss devils. Women are also (we are informed) more ruthless in pursuit, and more steely in refusing to be baulked of any new pleasure. In token of which—don't go yet—we would remind you of the tale of the Djinn and the Lady in the *Thousand and One Nights*, which will follow immediately.

Bedtime Story

A FIERCE and terrible Djinn, so high that his head touched the stars, rose from the depths of the sea, bearing a casket of glass in which reposed a woman fair beyond belief. As the Djinn slept on the shore his lovely captive stepped out of the casket and beckoned to two Princes who were hiding up a tree. Their somewhat intimate conversation over, she asked each of them to give her the ring he wore to add to her collection, now numbering 100; "For," she said with sweet satisfaction, "this ugly old Djinn may imprison me in the deepest caverns of the sea, but I am a woman, and I fool him when *and* where I please."

Thus does Arabian philosophy sum up a sex which terrifies us, personally, to death. Excuse these nerves. THE BYSTANDERS.

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 104

Julian Huxley

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

LET me introduce Julian Huxley with the statement that in his opinion there is no reason why plover eggs should be taboo by law before May 1st. In Holland it is permitted to take the first clutch, and there is no sign of the birds dying out. Coming as it does from the new Secretary of the "Zoo," this opinion is a matter of some interest, and even hope, to those who like a change from caviare and smoked salmon.

With his green-brown eyes, slight figure, lean head, and quick movements, Julian Huxley looks the typical biologist. He has an unrivalled fund of zoological stories, and a sense of humour that you do not expect in a man who believes in getting things done by reason. Educated at Eton (King's scholar) and Balliol (Brakenbury scholar, Naples scholar, and Newdigate prizeman), he is a Jubilee baby, having been born in 1887. Not that he looks more than thirty-eight. Incidentally, he is all in favour of birth control, believing that it is no more contrary to nature than wearing a top hat.

He is an explorer to the extent that he has slept out of doors without a blanket only six hundred miles from the North Pole. He is an excellent commentator, as his film on the gannets on Grassholme clearly proved. He is a poet with one "slim volume" of verse as evidence. He believes that there should be a national trust park for rare animals and birds—like golden eagles, bitterns, and beavers. His favourite bird is a crested grebe, but at the moment his chief passion is a certain marine worm.

It is a fact that if he had not been in danger of catching mumps from his brother Aldous as a boy he might have spent his life teaching German. But his period of quarantine at Tring was so dull that he started to watch a green woodpecker.

ONE of his most successful biological experiments was turning an axolotl from a marine animal into a land one by giving it a single meal of ox thyroid. As a matter of fact, this nearly ruined him. A distinguished newspaper correspondent interviewed him and came out with wild headlines about "Young Huxley's elixir of life." He became temporarily the laughing-stock of the scientific world, and even became a joke on the music halls. Fortunately, however, it created an instant demand for magazine articles, which, as he was only just married, was highly agreeable.

In the course of his career he has been a Professor in Texas, and has served on the General Staff in Italy. He likes mild lawn tennis, cinemas, mountain climbing, architecture, and Beethoven. Those who say that by accepting his new appointment he has sold his scientific birthright for a mess of popular pottage forget that the Secretaryship of the "Zoo" demands a perfect combination of showmanship and biology, which is just what Julian Huxley will be able to provide.

It's Romance . .

Miss Elizabeth Brooke, Daughter of a Rajah, Is Going to Marry Harry Roy, the Dance-Band Leader

THE unofficial announcement last week of the engagement of the Rajah of Sarawak's second daughter and Harry Roy, whose band plays at the May Fair, was real front-page news, especially as Miss Brooke is known in her father's State as Princess Pearl. That makes it sound even more like a film romance. Harry Roy, who is thirty-two, started his career in his father's box factory in the East End of London; then he went into his brother, Syd Roy's band, and was with him for several years, started on his own, and now leads one of the best-known broadcasting dance bands in London. Elizabeth Brooke is twenty-two, ten years younger than her fiancé. The official announcement is to be expected when her father, Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, arrives in London in a few days' time

Tunbridge

Miss Elizabeth Brooke

Below: Miss Elizabeth Brooke, her fiancé, Mr. Harry Roy, and her mother, the Ranee of Sarawak, who is Lord Esher's younger sister

Mr. Sidney Beer

Miss Irene Mann-Thompson

Mr. Peter Thursby

Here are host and two guests at an Embassy Club party of a few nights ago. The host was Sidney Beer, who has been listening to the opera in London after conducting concerts in Vienna and before setting off to do the same in America next season. Irene Mann-Thompson wore a gardenia in her fair hair, and Peter Thursby a carnation in his buttonhole. His wife was also in the party

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Free Meal Brigade

At this time of year, the well-known insomniacs have every opportunity of indulging their favourite pastime or pandering to their "bed shyness," because never a night passes when there is not a new bottle-party, a midnight matinée, or a dance given by an unknown and friendless hostess.

I could make a list of three hundred people who could live entirely free as far as their food and drink are concerned. Their only expense would be transport from one free party to another, and then, "Someone always has a car." From 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., when the next free cocktail-party starts, they presumably "go to ground."

Who are the "free meal brigade"? There is a list, as closely guarded as the famous Mayfair dance list, that passes from one organiser to another, and consists chiefly of people whom the gossip writers for the last ten years have quite erroneously decided are news.

Most of them mean nothing, and are a dead loss to the new-born establishment after their first buckshee blow-out! At best they are the padding that leads a new millionaire or a lonely Maharaja to think that the place is a success.

Ritz Gone Gay

What with the Ritz and Carlton going gay in their old age, we may surely expect some sort of nocturnal outburst from Claridge's one of these days. Why not an all-black cabaret, or some higher-kicking blondes than the Park Lane hotels have yet offered?

"Indefatigable Charlie," the compère at the Ritz, an Austrian with a surplus of charm, would make any party go (I mean stay). The châtelaine of Leeds Castle, Lady Bailey, and her very good-looking husband, were there the other night, she wearing a quaint black dress with white muslin sleeves. Mr. and Mrs. Claude Leigh were there too, dining à deux as, with obvious enjoyment, they so often do. Her sapphire-blue dress and cape of emerald-green ostrich feathers proved the effectiveness of an unusual colour-scheme.

Their Discarded Tippets

What every woman *knows* she wants, is a short, greyish-blue ermine cape, just like the one Mrs. Ernest Simpson is wearing. Several women who have lately given away an "off-white" ermine cape are gnashing their teeth at their impulsive generosity, and wishing to heaven they had thought of having their discarded tippets dyed the same enchanting shade.

A Quiet Film Star

Apart from the excellence of the show, several things made us sit up and take notice at the opening of yet another cabaret-and-girl show at Grosvenor House the other night. "Les Girls" are lovelier than ever, and one or two who we thought were getting just a little spoilt are bucking up and showing that they can keep in step if they only try.

Miss Kay Francis, who was supping with Camillo Aldao, proved no exception to the rule that the most palpitating film stars are ordinary human mortals when you see them in the flesh. She was probably less made-up and more quietly dressed than any other woman in the room. I am told that her fans wait in droves outside her hotel, and even follow her on bicycles when she ventures out. What a life!

A Holiday in Spain

Mrs. Edythe D'Erlanger was at Grosvenor House that night. She has been out of sight for much too long for our liking, but apparently enjoyed her sojourn in Seville, where she shared a villa with Lady Lindsay Hogg. Spain appears to be the Mecca of so many holiday-makers just now. Is it the attractive exchange, the Rumba, or the bull-fights, or just "something Spanish in my eye"? I ask myself.

We Were Mortified

So many stars, social and theatrical, were at Dorothy Hyson's wedding, that the multitude of fans got completely blasé, and we were mortified on emerging from the church to hear murmurs of "We don't know any of *them*!"

Evelyn Laye, looking a dream, with pale-blue feathers curling round her hat, Gertrude Lawrence, Gladys Cooper, Lady Plunket, Ivor Novello, Young Doug, Sir Anthony Weldon and his youthful-looking mother, and Dorothy Dickson, prettier and younger than any living mother-in-law, surely; Guy Middleton, *Young England's* villain, came on from a film studio in appropriate wedding garments, in which he had been filming. He has lost a stone in weight.

Little Dot looked a dream of youthful beauty in billowing white tulle, described by one he-man reporter as a lovely dress and train of white *twill*! You men may not laugh at this, in your ignorance, but a thick white sheet is not my idea of a wedding-dress!

An Encounter with a Lobster

For gaiety, vitality, and social success, few debutantes could compete with Mrs. Vernet, the popular lady member of Ladbroke's. Silver-haired and rosy-cheeked, this indefatigable lady is the life and soul of every party. "Dancing intoxicates me!" she was heard to exclaim at a dance in the Shires the other night. After a hard day on the rails,

Lady Curtis-Bennett

Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett's wife is the chairman of the committee which has organised the Playing Fields Ball; it takes place to-night at Grosvenor House. Lady Curtis-Bennett married Sir Noel in 1931; he is the hon. treasurer of the National Playing Fields Association

she was dancing unceasingly, partners waiting three deep for a chance to cut in. How many girls, having started the evening in white satin, would, after a desperate encounter with some lobster mayonnaise at supper, have the heart to change into green chiffon and continue the party with unabated enthusiasm?

A Taste for Rusticity

EIGHTEEN hundred thirsty people with a taste for rusticity (some of the aforesaid free-mealers among them) swarmed down the stairs into the new Lansdowne House Restaurant at the opening cocktail-party. The walls of the snack bar are decorated by paintings of every known farmyard inhabitant, and something very clever has been done about the atmosphere, because, even in that enormous crowd, and underground as it is, there was air to breathe. No good to a woman we know who says she has a new kind of weak chest, and can only breathe properly in an underground restaurant or over-heated casino!

Craze for the Country

THE folk in the West End of London seem just now to have one great yearning desire. A small house, a large house, or any house at all, somewhere in the country, near enough to London to get up and down, and big enough to accommodate a few week-end guests.

Alas! houses of the right kind are few and far between. We want fields and lanes around us, a golf-course somewhere near, and a station not too far away for the very few exceptions who still possess no car.

We want matting on the floor, oak beams and lattice windows; Sweet William growing in the garden, a sweet-tempered cook in the kitchen. It is a sort of picnic that the most sophisticated Londoners have gone mad about. Soon there will be no people to ask to stay, because everyone will have a farm or a cottage or a disused rectory of their own. It means forty-eight hours a week of the simple life, bed at ten o'clock, roast beef on Sunday. There may be an affectation of simplicity about the whole thing, complete rusticity plus cocktails, bath-salts, and a self-changing radio gramophone, but it is fun. You will find a two-thousand-guinea Rolls-Royce parked in a farm lane, the barelegged daughter of a millionaire, in a Woolworth blouse, playing "six-pack" in a barn with the type of young

Miss Virginia Cherrill

Above: Virginia Cherrill, attractive blonde film star from Hollywood, was in a party that Terence Weldon and Frankie More O'Ferrall gave at the Ritz the other day

The Maharaja of Rajpipla

Was also in the Weldon-More O'Ferrall party at the Ritz, at which Virginia Cherrill was a co-guest

Miss Pat Charles

Left: Pat Charles with a white hat, and white flowers at the neck of her black dress, looked big-eyed and attractive at the Lansdowne House opening cocktail-party

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Right: Mme. Riotteau was another guest at Lansdowne House for the opening party; she had a white hat, too, with a little garland of flowers on the front of it

Mme. Riotteau

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

man who goads good fathers and nice husbands to fury.

The house of one's dreams is so hard to find that, when a woman announced the other day that she had just discovered a Surrey cottage at £1 a week for ten years, she got more black looks than if she had bicycled through Harlem!

From Charity Concert—

JUDGING by the enormous crowd of people and the exceedingly few empty seats at the Queen's Hall the other night, we imagine that that excellent concert we listened to brought in a good sum of money to Queen Charlotte's Hospital. This is the third year that this well-known all-star concert has been given. Full marks to Mr. Seymour Leslie, the organiser.

Mme. Toti dal Monte came specially from the Scala, and charmed and held us all. Back and back she came in answer to our applause. Miss Erica Morini, too, was wonderful with her antics on the violin. Count John McCormack, from New York, and Luigi Montesanto were others who gave their services. The Queen's Hall is not an attractive or easily decorated building, but on this particular occasion it was well disguised with flowers along the edge of the stage, and around the Grand Circle.

Lady Howard de Walden, who is the President, had an interesting party, including the Austrian Minister, the Danish Minister, and Mme. Ahlefeldt-Laurvig, and the Hungarian Minister and Countess Szechenyi. Mr. and Mrs. John Scott-Ellis were also in the same party, the latter with diamonds in her hair and wearing a multi-coloured brocade coat. We expected to see Lady Salisbury, but she had been bidden to Buckingham Palace, so sent a party instead.

Lady Oxford and Asquith was there, with masses of blue-grey tulle about her shoulders, looking for all the world like "love in the mist." Miss Olga Lynn, a study in black and white, sat in the stalls, but we didn't see her "linnets" with her. Lady Alexandra Haig was greeting friends in the interval, as was Mr. Eric Hatry. We saw Mrs. Rex Benson arrive, dressed in brown. Lady Ravensdale, who rarely misses a concert, was another wearer of brown. She had done a couple of hours at Covent Garden, listening to *Tristan* before coming to the Queen's Hall. If that isn't musical enthusiasm, we don't know what is.

—to Charity Ball

FROM there we went to Mrs. Robert Fleming's house in Grosvenor Square, where the Friends of the Poor Ball was taking place. It was a good party: not "stiff," as these charity dances are so apt to be. The Duke and Duchess of York were there dancing round, the Duchess looking charming in white satin. The most picturesque figure in the room was Princess Bishnu of Nepal, who came with the Duchess of Rutland's party, and who had on some of the most lovely uncut emeralds in the world, which exactly matched her sari.

Lady Dalkeith was there, wearing her suède gloves and a red dress. Lord and Lady Edward Hay (great supporters of charity balls) were dancing together. She looked lovely in white satin. Everybody was greatly impressed with the stars in Constance Duchess of Westminster's hair. She had the Great Bear, the Little Bear, and, in fact, the entire Bear family. Lady Jersey wore an unusual cape that night, of black horsehair, with pink gardenias to fasten it, and Mrs. Claude Leigh wore her purple taffetas with her green feather boa.

MISS PEEPS

Miss Jean Batten Signs a Film Contract

Left: Jean Batten, the girl flyer who holds the female record for a solo flight to and from Australia, has signed a contract with Gaumont-British to appear personally to introduce their flying film, "R.A.F.", which has been made with the co-operation of the Royal Air Force. Watching her sign her contract are Mr. Jeffrey Bernerd and the Marquis de Casa Maury

Below: Mr. Gerard Ormsby-Gore, Mr. A. V. Wellesley, and Lady Isobel Manners at Lady Hulton's house for the Derby Ball cocktail-party committee meeting. The Junior Committee of ten includes Lady Isobel Manners and her sister. The Derby Ball takes place next Monday, in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital

Lady Castlerosse and her brother, Mr. Dudley Delevingne, were at the cocktail-party for the Derby Ball at Lady Hulton's house. Lady Castlerosse is on the Ball committee

A Derby Ball Committee Meeting

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DRAWN BY KERRY LEE

the Underwriters Face to Face with their Risks

"Bystander" Beauties

No. 3. Mrs. Richard Hart-Davis

Mrs. Richard Hart-Davis, slight, fair, blue-eyed, is always one of the most attractive-looking women at any party she goes to. She married Mr. Hart-Davis as his second wife two or three years ago, thereby becoming the step-mother of another "decoration," Mrs. Ronnie Balfour. She is an active person and takes exercise by day and by night, as she's a beautiful dancer and does a lot of it, as well as riding in the Park and taking her blue Bedlington for walks. She and her husband have a flat in Lowndes Square. Her picture is the third of this series of full-colour photographs, specially taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard

A Racing Reverie

The Old Women Show Their Ignorance

By "Regular"

Left: the Hon. Elizabeth Brand and Mr. Cecil Lomax, who are engaged, sitting in the paddock at Gatwick

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Tom Dundas came over to the Gatwick Spring Meeting from their Sussex home, Culpeper House. She was Isabel Goring, and married Sir Philip Dundas's brother two years ago

EVERY morning in Mayfair the telephone-bells tinkle, and from the seclusion of their bed-chambers a number of women pour into the ears of a number of other women the latest dirt. Innocent victims are sacrificed on the altar of scandal, to pander to some vampire's vanity, for there is nothing which raises you so much in the eyes of your friends as a nice, fresh, juicy piece of scandal.

THESE women have their counterparts on our race-courses, and though they are usually clad in bowler-hats and trousers, their right garb would be long skirts and red flannel petticoats, for though they appear in the guise of men, they are old women of the worst type, with the nasty minds of the nastiest kind of elderly female.

WHILE it is a despicable action to spread ugly stories concerning the virtue of your acquaintances, it is a far worse crime to spread stories of dishonesty concerning the leading lights of the racing world. While, in most cases, immorality only affects the two people concerned, dishonesty on our race-courses affects the community at large.

AT Newmarket recently I was nauseated by one of these old women, who came up to me and made the most damning statements, accusing two of our leading jockeys of repeated acts of dishonesty. Now this old woman, like most of his kind, is so insensitive and lacking in perception, that he would not notice if one of his own teeth were being stopped, much less someone else's horse.

THE duty of each one of us on a race-course is perfectly clear. If we have proof of a dishonest action committed by an owner, trainer, jockey, or anyone else connected with racing, we should lay our evidence before the Stewards of the Jockey Club. If we lack that proof, we should keep our mouths shut—yes, and our fountain-pens in our pockets.

WHILE I do not regard all our jockeys necessarily as paragons of virtue, I do regard them as men of sound common sense. Our leading jockeys earn fat salaries, with no risk other than that to life and limb. Why, then, should they risk their own money and their future livelihood in either backing horses or, as our old women would have us believe, in laying them?

NOT even the most suspicious-minded would suggest that jockeys stop horses on their own account. Jockeys stop horses because somebody makes it worth their while. Who, then, is the big, bad, wicked uncle responsible for these nefarious practises of which some accuse our riders? No name has been put forward as that of the guilty party. If a bookmaker or anyone else has a jockey in his pocket I have not been able to detect a suspicious bulge.

MOREOVER, if someone has made it worth a jockey's while to stop a well-fancied horse, the fact would undoubtedly be made manifest in the market, and yet I can call to mind no instance this year of a favourite going badly in the betting and then being beaten. On the contrary, the horse who travelled in the most suspicious manner during the betting, won.

AND now for a little current racing. Newmarket concluded with a win and a half for that very popular couple, the Philip Dunnes. As they have only a brace of horses in training, their successes were particularly gratifying.

FOR once in a way, Bellacose yielded to Rufus Beasley's persuasion and condescended to jump off, and when he does this there are very few faster three-year-olds in training, and on this occasion he won by the length of a street. Their other animal, Double Up, only managed to dead-heat with Boston West, in one of those aggravating races which finish somewhere in the vicinity of the Bushes.

SO confident was my colleague "Guardrail" in running, that he did everything bar lead in his animal, Sky Pioneer, in the Norfolk Stakes, and certainly it did look a pound to a bun on him. It came as a great shock, therefore, when Pike Barn, travelling a million miles an hour, short-headed him on the post.

THE defeat of Assignation by Fairhaven in the Payne Stakes proved an expensive one for punters. I am afraid Assignation must have been over-rated, as Fairhaven, who is no whirlwind, gave him 9 lb. and a comfortable beating.

ON the following day, at Gatwick, yet another inmate from Stanley House, in Quashed, beat another of the Glorneys' horses in Fox Lair. By the end of the week the latter's stable must have felt they never wished to see black and white again.

THE most pleasing feature of the Gatwick meeting was the runaway win of Sir Alfred Butt's Mystery Man. This colt had been tried a good thing prior to his first outing at Newmarket, when he ran green, but on this occasion he hopped out of the gate and was soon many lengths clear, giving Gordon an absolute arm-chair ride, to win by five lengths. May I take this opportunity of asking jockeys if it is really necessary for them to stand up in their irons and pull a horse out of a place? Nobody suggests that they should knock a horse about when they can see they can't beat the winner, but surely it can't hurt the noble beast to let him run on at his own pace till the winning-post is reached?

AT this meeting the old women once again got busy. "Did you see that one?" they exclaimed, after a shocking bad horse got beaten. The fact that a number of half-wits had backed it down to a short price induced the critics to think it was unbeatable, and when it was beaten they thought it must have been stopped. In point of fact, it is the dead spit of a friend of mine's cheque—it stops itself.

"Hervey House," at His Majesty's

Nicholas Hannen as the Duke of Shires, Fay Compton as the Duchess, and Gertrude Lawrence as Sophy Gerould, the Duke's mistress. The play starts in 1891, and the Court dress is worn because "Marlborough House" is expected to dinner

"1066 and All That," at the Strand

They go back earlier than 1891, as at His Majesty's, in this musical burlesque of history, for Scene I. shows the coming to Britain of Julius Cæsar. The story of "Alfred the Grate" pictured above not only satirises history, but pantomime as well. L. to r.: Warren Jenkins is Baron de Broke, Joan Butterfield the fairy, Richard Littledale is Alfred, and Josephine Wilson and Yvette Pienne are the two lovely sisters

"Shall We Reverse?" at the Comedy

More flash-backs on history in this Charlot Revue. The scene above is a country house, and the period unspecified, but we can assume from the costumes of Clare Lindsay as Lady Swayne, Robert Hale as Lord Swayne, and June as their naughty daughter, Caroline, that this is a conversation

"The Rake's Progress," at Sadler's Wells

Below: a Hogarthian picture in Ballet form, and all British at that. The prima ballerina is Markova, seen on the right

ROUND

"The Miracle Man," at the Victoria Palace

Margaretta Scott as Helena, tactfully described as "of a certain class," and Seymour Hicks as John Garfield Madison, the scoundrelly hero of a crook play dealing with miraculous healing

"Charlot's Char-a-Bang!" at the Vaudeville

Hedley Briggs and John Tilley as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern as Laurel and Hardy would play these parts in a musical burlesque of "Hamlet"

"The Flying Trapeze," at the Alhambra

June Clyde as Marie Louise, the heroine of "The Flying Trapeze," who discovers that René, King of the Air, played by Jack Buchanan, of whom she is so fond, is her father

THE SHOWS: A Londoner's Guide to Entertainment

Hervey House.—History served up in fictional guise. High Life above and below stairs. Fifteen scenes and a cast of thirty. Fine Production.

1066 and All That.—Labelled a comic history with music. Description correct. Naunton Wayne compères the history, and Hugh E. Wright, Clarice Hardwicke and Charles Heslop act in it.

The Miracle Man.—Seymour Hicks starring in a melodrama about health, so obviously a healthy melodrama.

Charlot's Char-a-bang!—And goes with one, thanks to John Tilley, Reginald Gardiner, Elsie Randolph & Co., clever artists who are given good material.

The Flying Trapeze.—Musical comedy with a difference, because the circus has a large part in the show. Jack Buchanan, Fred Emney, June Clyde and Ivy St. Helier, principals.

Shall We Reverse?—Yet more history treated with ribaldry. A revue with a sort of a kind of a plot and none the worse for that.

The Rake's Progress Ballet.—Sadler's Wells goes all British as principals and corps-de-ballet are native born, which is as it should be when so English a painter as Hogarth is choreographed.

Tovarich.—You laugh and laugh and laugh to start with, and then come the thrills. Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich provide both. Evelyn Roberts specialises in laughs and Francis L. Sullivan in thrills.

"Tovarich," at the Lyric

Francis L. Sullivan as Corotchenko, a Soviet Commissar, who is surprised to discover that the Archduchess Tatiana Petrovna (Eugénie Leontovich) is in domestic service. In the past, and under his hands, the Archduchess was bestially treated by the Commissar before she was allowed to escape from Russia

Cannons of Hollywood

Madame Melchior

The Famous Danish Singer's Attractive Wife

LAURITZ MELCHIOR and his tiny, very pretty wife (her friends call her "Kleinchen)", have just completed the Wagnerian phase of their London visit. Melchior's eleventh appearance of the season took place last night, when *Götterdämmerung* ended the second *Ring* cycle, his first having been a substitute one for Herr Max Hirzel in *Lohengrin* on the opening night at Covent Garden. The great heroic tenor is a Dane, and started his career with the Copenhagen Royal Opera Company, as a baritone. In 1925 he sang for the first time at Bayreuth, by personal invitation of Richard Wagner's widow, Cosima Wagner, and the same year made his début at the Metropolitan in New York. To-day he is recognised as the finest Wagnerian tenor. Melchior's wife is also his business manager, and spends most of her evenings in his dressing-room, dealing with his large fan mail. When the season is over, they go holiday-making in Germany, where Melchior owns an estate

Melchior in "Siegfried"

• FILMS of the DAY

All At Sea!

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

"Brown on Resolution"

John Mills as A. B. Brown, the hero of "Brown on Resolution," and Betty Balfour as his mother, in the impressive, exciting, and excellently authentic naval film story (at the New Gallery) which Gaumont-British have made, with the co-operation of the Admiralty. John Mills gives a fine performance as the young sailor

"Roberta"

A close-up of Randolph Scott and Irene Dunne in "Roberta," the film of the Broadway musical comedy in which Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers star with Irene Dunne. She has a lovely voice, and puts across most of the best singing numbers. "Roberta" started its run at the Tivoli this week

"DRAKE OF ENGLAND" is an ambitiously conceived film on a magnificent, a naturally dramatic, a colourful theme, and the two chief figures, Queen Elizabeth and her piratical naval genius, Drake, are represented by two of our most admired thespians, Athene Seyler and Matheson Lang. Why, then, both incidentally and finally, does it fail to impress?

The story has the cosiness of familiar things. There is the famous game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe, and the defeat of the Armada—very much as we imagined it when we first heard about it. (Yes; I 'm afraid I do mean that it is a little childish. The toys are still toys, though the game is played in a film studio instead of a nursery.)

The historical décor is excellent, and the costumes both authentic and beautiful. Some of the Queen's dresses are masterpieces of design and fittingly sumptuous.

The dialogue rings true, and there is a capable attempt at characterisation. And yet, and yet. . . . Something is lacking, something of dramatic vitality; there is a shorting in the current which should illuminate the whole.

It would appear perfectly cast. Matheson Lang, handsome and infinitely experienced, should have no trouble in portraying the swashbuckling, bearded sailor and ambitious adventurer, blustering his way to fame and royal favour, whose very effrontery, no less than the Spanish treasure he brought, appealed to the adventurous and ambitious Queen. He gives a sound and resonant performance, but no more. Perhaps it was so obviously an acting part, so well within his range, that Mr. Lang took it too easily in his stride.

Athene Seyler is, characteristically, at much greater pains to produce a psychological picture of Elizabeth. She is an immaculate actress. Having conceived the rather naughty, entirely wilful lady, the gleam of avarice succeeding the gleam of humour in her eye, she effects her vignette with complete consistency. But one dares to say that the original conception, entertaining, witty and original as it is, lacks something of the robustness and of the power of Henry VIII.'s daughter. There are times when her prancing gait is more like that of a minx than of a queen, and she would appear to take the affairs of State and diplomatic displeasure a shade too lightly.

The truth is that these two actors, so pre-eminent in their own different ways, do not amalgamate very successfully, and this is probably why one is sensible of some gap in the mechanics of the film.

So much for the British Navy as it was, perhaps, at the inception of its fame. The other most important film of the week, *Brown on Resolution*, shows it as it is to-day. I believe it is the first time since Anthony Asquith made *Tell England*, that the Admiralty has given actual and active support to a fictional film. Four warships and their crews were lent for the making of this picture, and the authenticity of the naval details cannot be assailed.

Gone is the spirit of swashbucklery and piratical marauding; in its place there is quiet, unassuming heroism and devotion to duty. And in place of the pretty little bobbing galleons and the affray in a studio tank, there is the fierce and noisy reality of modern naval warfare. The battle scenes are magnificently handled. *Brown on Resolution* Walter Forde directed, and his standard never varies; whether he is making a farce, a melodrama, or a picture of these epic potentialities, he is the perfect technician.

SINCE we cannot nowadays escape the *Cavalcade* motive, we have to see the romance in the 'eighties between the little tradesman's daughter and the gallant naval officer which resulted in the existence of Brown of our title and our ultimate interest. Betty Balfour plays the mother with all the "sweetness" of which she is mistress, and Barry Mackay is the hero of this preliminary sequence.

But the real business of the film is Brown's adventure, heroism and death on Resolution Island during the war. The part is played by John Mills. He will be remembered as one of the sons in *Cavalcade*, and has done some good work since, including the boy who dies with the "lucky" penny in his hand in Flanders in the moving Jubilee film, *Royal Cavalcade*. He seems destined, in his screen career, to die in battle!

He is a young man who has an apparent modesty and commendable quietness of method which have gradually, unspectacularly, but irresistibly, brought him to the front.

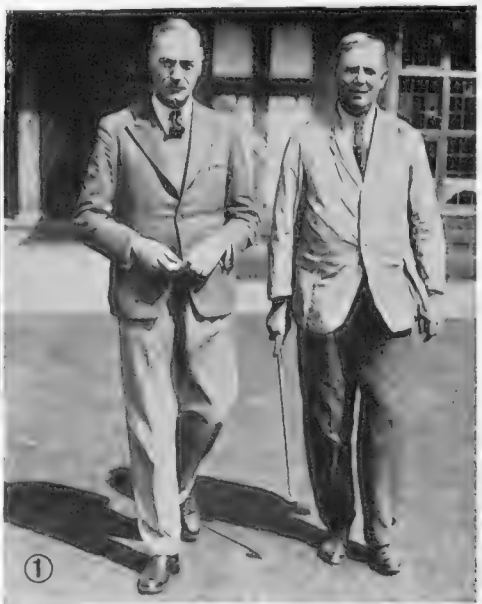
Brown is a prisoner in a German battleship which puts into the island for repairs. He escapes and swims ashore with the object of delaying the work until the British cruiser which is chasing can come up. This he accomplishes by means of sniping the men at work on the repair, and the picture ends in a British victory (of course); but Brown lies dead on Resolution Island.

The simplicity of the story and its courageous ending enhances the interest of the naval detail and the battle scenes. If it had been an American epic instead of an English one, there would, of course, have been a platinum blonde in jodhpurs to load his rifle and they would be rescued, practically in flagrante delicto, at the finish. For such respites from bathos we must be grateful.

A View of the Club-House

Golf Clubs at Home

Wollaton Park, Nottingham



(1) A. L. Morell (hon. sec.) and Alderman H. Bowles (captain). (2) Major E. W. Pendleton, M.C. (vice-captain) and J. W. Hall (committeeman). (3) A. W. Williams (committeeman) and M. E. Cooper (past captain). (4) Councillor R. E. Ashworth (Lord Mayor of Nottingham) and Sir Bernard Wright (past vice-captain). (5) C. L. Reynolds and P. Townsend. (6) R. M. Peddieson and J. W. Haines. (7) T. Bow (hon. match sec.) and Councillor R. Shaw (past captain). (8) G. T. Littefair and Major R. Golfberg, D.S.O., M.C.

JUSTICE UNROBED

Our Judges at Home

No. 9 The Hon. Mr. Justice Eve

Next Week: The Hon. Sir George Branson

Mr. Justice Eve at His Library Table

THE most English Englishman on the Bench. Known as Farmer Eve, for the excellent reason that he likes farming. Indeed, though a born Londoner, he only loves the country—to roam the countryside. At one time he travelled by caravan: now he goes by canal boat. Little do the bargees know that the merry, quiet, stout old gentleman who sits quaffing his mug of ale in the cool of the evening, joining in their homely gossip, is one of the most learned of the Chancery Judges. He does not trouble to conceal his contempt for cranks, faddists, spoil-sports, nosey Parkers and dismal Jeremiahs. Highbrows and pretentious and "superior" persons of all kinds move him to scorn. His strong suit is sagacity; and few liars are clever enough to deceive him; nor does he hesitate to pronounce his opinion in downright terms. At the age of seventy-nine he can still read the smallest print and the most crabbed writing without the aid of glasses, and can still enjoy and make a joke with the zest of a boy. "As I fall asleep on Sunday afternoon," he told the Fishmongers Company, "my slumbers will be the sounder for the knowledge that this rich and powerful company is protecting the comfort of the cockle and the morals of the whelk." A Judge, rarely provokes general affection. Farmer Eve does.

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

A Dog-"Tote" Novel

By A. G. Macdonell

WHEN inexperienced young novelists set out to write a novel, it is only natural that they should draw upon their knowledge rather than upon their imagination, and it follows, therefore, that most of them write about nothing in particular. For knowledge is not a strong point with the post-war youth. It is all the pleasanter to discover a novelist who really knows his subject and can draw a really good technical background. Mr. Hugh McGraw is one of these rarities, and his second novel, *Nancy Brown* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is readable from first word to last. It is about the lives of the girls who sit behind the little glass windows at the greyhound-racing tracks, and take in the money and hand out tickets on the totalizators. (Are dog-"totes" legal still, by the way? I am rusty in my racing lore.) And the heroine is an exquisitely beautiful seventeen-year-old, with red hair and charming unsophistication, who is the Pride of the Stadium. But being the Pride of anything, when you are simple and seventeen and radiant and the humble daughter of a humble engine-driver, is not a very easy life, and Nancy's troubles came fast and thick. The wastrel son of the Boss tries to seduce her, her lowly Boy-Friend attacks the wastrel and is fired, with such bad references that he can never get work again; her girl-friend is betrayed by another sprig of the gentry; men of all ages and descriptions try to make love to her; and there is the perennial fear of getting the betting-money wrong and having to fork out the difference from her own pocket. Mr. McGraw does it amazingly well. You know that you are looking at a picture of Reality. These humble men and women really do live and work all round us, and they are guided through their small, tempestuous youths by only two emotions, Love and Fear. But when Mr. McGraw comes to the so-called "upper classes," he rolls his sleeves up and sends the boy out for a pint of the best vitriol, and again he manages to convince us that such people, utterly revolting brutes though they are, really might exist. Bobby Mortimer is the best portrait of a wastrel that I have read for a long time. I strongly recommend *Nancy Brown*. It is written about human beings, and it rings true all the time, with the possible exception of the last dozen pages, which I thought were out of tune.

Bruce Marshall

Whose new novel, entitled "The Uncertain Glory," dealing with the Scottish Lowlands, is reviewed on this page

DURING the last seventeen years, the Cause of Peace—the Cause, that is to say, of the genuine peace-lover—has been buttressed from many angles in literature. Sometimes it has been a book on the horrors of War, sometimes one on the profits of armament-makers, or one on the inequalities of the Treaties. Now comes one from the angle of Politicians' Folly, and it is called *The Diplomatic Game* (Lovat Dickson; 10*s.* 6*d.*), by two Americans, Messrs. Drew Pearson and Constantine Brown. It is a description, in quick, clear, rapid-firing English, of the relations of the United States to the rest of the world, between the Kellogg Pact in 1929 and the end of 1932, and the diplomatic moves and countermoves by which those relations were adjusted, altered from time to time, and arranged. It is a cynical story, but perhaps it is impossible to avoid cynicism when discussing the lunacies of the post-war world. The visit of our Premier to America is described, and the extracts from the pompous speeches which led to exactly nothing are reported. The visit of Mr. Stimson to Europe followed, and the London Naval Conference, which led to exactly nothing. And so the tragi-farcical show went on, from Conference to Conference, and from deadlock to deadlock, until now, in this year of 1935, the world is faced with the results of this bankruptcy of political minds, Universal Re-arming and Universal Suspicion. *The Diplomatic Game* is a grim exposure of one scene in the vast drama of Insanity, and every intelligent man and woman should read it, not merely for its own merits, but also to acquire ammunition against the Militarists.

"THE UNCERTAIN GLORY" (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is Mr. Bruce Marshall's best novel so far by a long way, partly for its gusto and its crackling energy, partly for its overflowing measure of small, skilfully-etched scenes, that are thrown about with a grand prodigality; but most of all for its character of Zoe Brannigan. Zoe is a pretty and witty young lady, without any repressions or illusions or fears. When she wants a thing, she says so, using any words that may seem to her at the moment to be appropriate to the occasion. She is scholarly and abandoned, as much at home in a study as in a street, and as ready to drink cocoa as whisky. In fact, she is a sort of Diana Vernon (whom, for the benefit of 99 per cent. of my readers who have never heard of her, I had better describe as one of Sir Walter Scott's heroines), about half-way down the ladder, or a Nell Gwynne about three-quarters of the way up.

But how Mr. Marshall detests his Lowland Scotland! What clouds of venom-tipped arrows he looses upon the ancient city of Kirkinechars! With how derisive a grin does he wield his sjambok! Surely there never was a Lord Provost who got drunk every evening in low haunts and publicly picked up butterflies of the night. And surely University lecturers do not choose their own University town when they wish to behave—if, indeed, such staid and respectable folk ever do—as Mr. Daniel O'Dooley behaved in the Sporran Club. But perhaps I am wrong. I am out of touch with Scottish University life, and with Lord Provosts too.

THERE seems to be precious little about anything that Mr. Charles Graves does not know, and he crams an enormous amount of information into his new book, *The Price of Pleasure* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is all about the luxuries of the rich, and what it costs to provide them, and what ultimate profit is left to the providers after the rich man has passed on. Do you want to know what the head picador in a Spanish bull-ring is paid? Ask Mr. Graves. Or how many of Monte Carlo's roulette-tables are "lucky"? Or how to insure against rain? Or what Mr. Ely Culbertson makes a year by having a wife who taught him how to play bridge? You will find it all, and a great deal more, in *The Price of Pleasure*. Mr. Graves certainly has an amazingly enquiring turn of mind, and a capacity for putting his finger upon the crucial spot in an enquiry. Of course, it might be possible for a carping critic to put a finger on the crucial spot in Mr. Graves's book, and say: "Is it all true?" But, whatever the answer, at least it is all entertaining.

Hugh P. McGraw

Who made a great success with his most amusing first novel, entitled "Rude Society," and whose new book, "Nancy Brown," is highly praised by our reviewer, Mr. A. G. Macdonell

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Though white is the traditional colour to be married in, many brides are adopting pastel colours as being more becoming. The lovely frock portrayed has been designed by Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, and is expressed in oyster moiré. It is cut on picture lines, with a tight-fitting bodice which buttons down the back, and a full circular skirt lined at the hem with sweet-pea mauve taffeta. This idea is repeated in the cuffs on the loose floating sleeves. Yards and yards of mauve tulle spring from a wreath of orange-blossom which is also mauve to harmonise with the veil and bouquet of sweet peas

Peter Clark

Silk Linen and Washing Silk

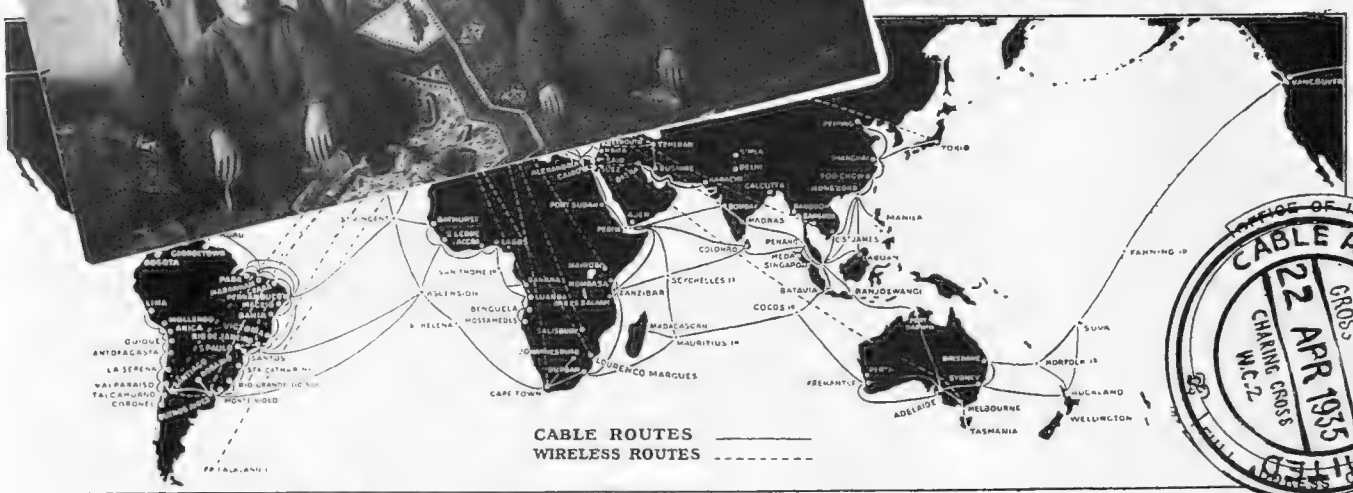
No shadow has ever been cast over the vogue for classic tailored suits. Silk linen is used for the Deval suit portrayed. Needless to say, it is admirably tailored and will wash perfectly. A new note is introduced by the wide revers and slanting hip pockets on the coat. Deval models are sold by all outfitters of prestige, but should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application should be made to 75, Newman Street, who will send the name and address of the nearest agent

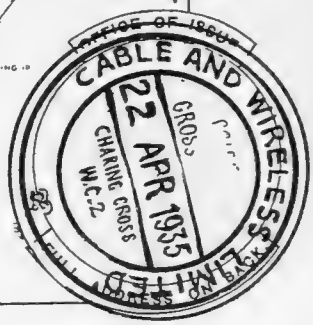
Simple and slimming is the frock on the right, which is carried out in Deval Amazon washing silk. The colour-scheme is red and white, with red buttons and belt. The clever working of the stripes and the way in which the four patch pockets are arranged to provide a contrast are points of interest. It should also be noted that Deval's specialise in cruising and summer hats. These can be made in the same material as the frocks or suits, and are obtainable in a variety of becoming shapes

Photographs by Lenare

Facsimile of a wire received from Mr. Oakley, our carpet director, who is collecting rugs in the East.
Harvey Nichols and Co., Ltd., London S.W.1.

LIMITED.





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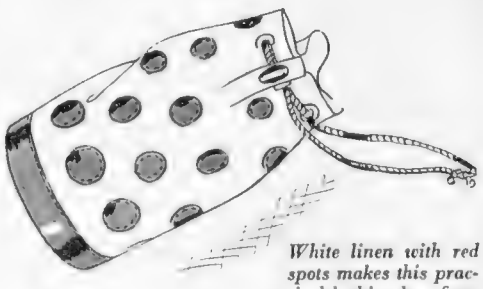
THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

Discovered by Peta,
Pictured by Pam.

This new comb costs 2s. from Jenner's, Princes Street, Edinburgh. By placing the indicator close to the scalp and drawing the comb forwards, a straight parting is ensured

This knitted coatee is ideal for wearing under a coat when the wind is in the east. It crosses over back and front, and fastens with a hip yoke. In a variety of becoming colours, it costs 5s. 11d., and may be seen at Jenner's Edinburgh

Also from Jenner's is this manicure set, which has been designed for the golf enthusiast and costs 6s. 11d. It contains everything for the nails from a file to a cuticle knife



White linen with red spots makes this practical bathing-bag from Jay's, Regent Street. It is lined throughout with waterproof oil cloth, and is available in different colour combinations for 21s.

Here are three different ways of altering last year's frock. The Elizabethan collar at the top shows an openwork ball design and is carried out in white linen. On the left is a similar type of thing in broderie anglaise for 8s. 11d., while the collar on the right is expressed in brown and white pleated taffeta. All three may be seen at Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street

This handsome bag from Jenner's is divided into two partitions, one being fitted with nothing but cosmetics and beauty requirements, and the other with practical things such as a note-case, stamp-box, and purse. When closed it appears quite flat, with a gilt clasp at either end

Left: Señorita Anita Lizana (Chile) and Señorita Lila de Alvarez (Spain), who made a reappearance in first-class tennis after a long absence, beaten by Mlle. L. Neufeld and Mlle. C. Rosambert (France), right, in the French Championships at Auteuil

Below: Vivian McGrath, Adrian Quist, Donald Turnbull, and Jack Crawford who, after beating New Zealand in the Davis Cup, are now competing in the French Championships

In the French Championships

Australia's Davis Cup Team

A Champion's Daughter

Miss H. Brookes, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Norman E. Brookes, the old-time singles and doubles champion, playing at Surbiton. This is her first English tournament and she hopes, when the time comes, to qualify for Wimbledon

Lawn Tennis Letter

Schools and the Game

By "Passer-By"

DEAR MR. BYSTANDER,

DID you see in the newspaper the other day that Eton was to have a lawn tennis fixture card? It may not be true, for the lawn tennis world—and perhaps this is why Eton has not thought of school matches before—seems to be a hotbed of rumour; but if it *is* true, then another revolution in this changing era is about to occur.

Being "deaf with praises and all dazed with flowers," you may not have heard that the first Wimbledon, in 1877, was adjourned over the Eton and Harrow match in order that spectators might carry their top-hats to Lord's. The original Championship Meeting was almost held in camera, so strong was the prejudice among sporting gentlemen against the recognition of a soft-ball game. Cricket was the summer god at our Public Schools; incense was burnt to the deity in every house and form-room.

The ritual is still observed, but the creed is weakening. The most conservative Head cannot help it. The new habits and the new psychology of the age are too strong. The boys now get at the parents, and the parents are getting at the Heads. The parents pay the bill for a tune which the Head has been calling. The boys, enough of them to create a chorus, want the tune varied.

Why are they asking for less cricket and more lawn tennis? Cricket is both a noble and a natural game, and remains essentially a school game. Not an immaterial consideration for the Bursar is that a cricket ground costs less to keep in order than tennis courts, and the equipment is not so expensive. Then cricket has its honoured regalia—caps and house caps, teams and the team spirit, and all that. It would go against the grain of every cricket bat, as it would against the grain of every loyal Old Boy, to see cricket lose its pride of place.

YES, all that is true and good truth, but the forces of Nature are beating against it. The modern boy lives in an atmosphere of restless movement. Newspaper, camera and radio all help to divert the eye and mind; they don't invite him to keep still. The cricket crease for the batsman, the fixed base for the fielder, and the pavilion for nine of the batting eleven have too many imposed fences to create jubilant reaction. The tennis court has its boundaries, too; but there is movement on it all the time and, what is more vital, this continuous movement leads to a definite climax. There is no such thing as a drawn lawn tennis match.

Yet this matter of relative mobility, influenced by modern tendencies, is only one factor calling for more school courts. The development of girls' play in this country, because of school courts, is far ahead of the development of boys' play. For every fifty potential women champions in England there is only one boy who might become a champion. Now the zealous cricketer may not object to that proportion, but the average schoolboy feels a little small when he goes home in the holidays and finds himself unable to beat his younger sister in a family tournament.

Of course, he will defend himself by saying that the best man would always defeat the best woman, and that he has heard that Tilden once gave forty and a beating to Mlle. Lenglen, and so on. Nevertheless, in his secret heart, he wants to learn the game properly.

HEADMASTERS used to be prejudiced against lawn tennis—some doubtless still are—because they considered it to be rather a lazy game, encouraging slackness and not testing stamina. The masters and boys who have seen Perry, Vines or Borotra in court have exposed that fallacy. Did not J. C. Parke, the Irish Rugby international, declare that he thought the strain of a five-set match more arduous than any Rugby match? The truth is that American colleges and schools impose lawn tennis because it is at once a healthy and strenuous summer game.

The amusing part is that I write as one who loves his Lord's and his Oval, and who never fails to pull up when coming to a village match on the high road. Yet I believe I can see the writing on the school cricket wall, and I prophesy that Eton and Harrow will be giving their lawn tennis colours before many summers have gone.

WIMBLEDON, by the way, has not had a British Public School champion since 1906, when an old Westminster boy named H. L. Doherty laid down the title, which he had held for five years. His brother, "R. F.," also at Westminster, had been champion for four years previously. "H. L." had won the hundred and the high jump in his school sports, and if he had been a contemporary of the present giants would, I believe, with his intuitive touch for ball games, have outstripped any of them.

There is only one Public School boy, H. W. Austin, of Repton, in the running for this year's Wimbledon, although there are one or two others not far behind his standard. If every school had an Old Boy claimant for the title, Wimbledon would be a better place, for although lawn tennis has gained in many respects from its cosmopolitan and democratic character, it has lost something through its change of personnel. Who ever heard of Doherty wanting to comb his hair in the middle of a match or insulting an inoffensive linesman, deemed to have given a bad decision, by asking him when he had learnt Braille. I dare say more than one Head, visiting an open tournament, has been prejudiced against the game because of the manners of some of the competitors. But that does not make his pupils any the less anxious to play lawn tennis on school courts.

I shall be writing you a further letter on another lawn tennis topic next week.

PASSER-BY.

Big Things in Golf

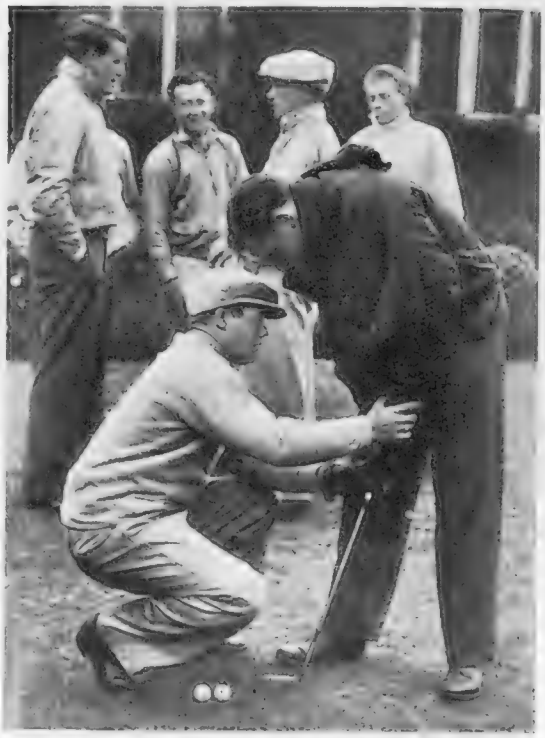
Pro's and Amateurs

By J. S. F. Morrison

Three Competitors in the Amateur Championship

Left: Gordon Baynton, a first-round victim; L. T. Bromford, and J. H. Bryant, of Worcestershire, the giant-killer who defeated J. McLean, also in the first round of the Amateur Championship

Right: W. Lawson Little, the American title-holder, explaining to John de Forest his method of putting. The former only won by one hole against T. H. Parker, but de Forest entered round two with a 4 and 3 victory. Perhaps the putting lesson helped!



Lawson Little's Helping Hand

C. A. Whitcombe (Crews Hill), quite rightly one of the most popular of our golf professionals, won the Dunlop-Southport £1600 Professional Tournament with a score of 295, his individual rounds being 75, 73, 72, and 75.

The standard scratch score of the links of the Birkdale Golf Club, on which this competition was played, is 76, and if this score is correct, and professionals—as they usually are—rated at plus four, rounds of 74 ought to have had a good chance of winning; this score was actually only good enough to gain second place, which resulted in a tie between T. H. Cotton (Waterloo G.C., Belgium), the Open champion, and R. Burton (Hooton).

The tournament proved that Cotton, up to the green, is, without doubt, the best player in Europe, but there are many players who are better wielders of the putter, both for approach putts and holing-out. Cotton, who is not a natural player, has, by hard work and strenuous practice, made himself into the golfer he is to-day, but he still has much to learn about putting; his stance and method are most unconvincing, and when addressing his ball on the green, even when he holes, he appears to be fortunate, while the good putter at the address looks as if he could not miss. In other words, when Cotton holes it appears to be an accident, and the same remark applies when the good putter with a sound putting method misses.

Cotton very nearly tied with Whitcombe. He had to do the last four holes, which measure 515 yards, 427 yards, 428 yards, and 212 yards, in fourteen strokes to do so. He got his four at the long fifteenth, another four at the sixteenth, then holed a good putt for a three at the seventeenth, but cut his tee shot at the eighteenth, played a good second, but missed the putt; the putt was beautifully struck, but a shade too firmly, and it takes a brave man to strike firmly at a crisis; the ball went into the hole, and the big gallery had started cheering, when it popped out again back towards the player.

There were some very fine performances by assistant professionals in the qualifying rounds. On the first day two assistants, A. G. Harrison, of Littlehampton, and H. B. Rhodes, of Wentworth, led the field at Birkdale with scores of 72 each; while R. Halsall, the local assistant, returned 73. Unfortunately, these young golfers fell away in the competition proper, but S. L. King (Knole Park) must be congratulated on his fine score of 300, only five strokes behind the winner.

There can be no shadow of doubt that the Birkdale Golf Club now possesses a very fine links. It is very long; the course measures 6810 yards, and unless the tee shots are placed on a particular spot on the course, the second shots are either extremely difficult or impossible. There are four one-shot holes. I particularly do not write four short holes as there is only one hole under 180 yards in length and two of them measure over 200 yards.

On the second day A. H. Padgham (Sundridge Park) broke the record of the green with a score of 70, which was not subsequently beaten; he unfortunately lost his chance of repeating his victory of last year by taking 82 for his first round. After his record score, followed by a 72, he was well in the hunt again, but a bad round, for him, of 78 gave him ninth place on the prize list. Padgham produced the best golf of the week on the Friday, when play was abandoned owing to snow; on this day, in a strong wind and snow, he completed the first nine holes in 35 strokes, a truly astonishing performance.

I have great pleasure in informing all those who, at St. Annes, made themselves play worse and inconvenienced to no small degree the other competitors by unnecessarily slow play, that P. Alliss (Beaconsfield), who started first, completed the long Birkdale course in two hours and 72 strokes.

A new club-house has been built at Birkdale in a most commanding position at the back of the present fourteenth green (which will later become the eighteenth), and will probably be in use in about a month's time; from the rooms upstairs nearly every hole on the course will be visible, and there will be three starting-places near the club-house, at the tenth and fourteenth tees, as well as the first.

The snow that caused play at Birkdale to be abandoned on Friday also caused the Welsh Ladies' Championship to be cancelled. I do not know of another instance when a national championship has been actually cancelled, although several have been postponed. We must offer our condolences to the Rieben mère et fille, who have in late years farmed this championship.

I am writing in the club-house of the Royal Lytham and St. Annes Golf Club on the first day of the Amateur Championship. J. McLean, who was the first to play the eighteenth hole, is already out, beaten by J. H. Bryant, of Blackwell, who played a delightful pitch to the last green and holed his putt of about five feet for a three and victory. McLean did not play well, and had to pay the penalty.

I must say a few words about the links. The committee has had a most anxious time owing to attacks by leatherjackets, but the greens are now good and there can be no excuses for missing short putts. The fairways are very bare and rather rough, and there are bound to be numerous grumbles from people who get bad lies. Even a very ordinary performer can hit a good shot when the ball sits up; it takes a real golfer to play a good shot out of a bad lie and, consequently, the better player will certainly have a greater advantage than he usually does.

All those who know how much time and hard work he has expended for the good of the game of golf will be delighted to see that W. Norman Boase is at last to reap the rewards of his labours; he is to have the greatest honour in the game conferred upon him—namely, the captaincy of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews.

H. L. Archibald (Chantilly), German Open Champion, who beat Major W. H. H. Aitken; Francis Ricardo (Sandy Lodge), beaten by C. Ewing (Co. Sligo), and Leslie Garnett (Walton Heath), who beat Comte Elie de Borchgrave (Royal Zoute)

The Golf Championship

Some of the Competitors at Royal Lytham and St. Annes

Above: P. W. Risdon (Coombe Hill), who beat J. S. F. Morrison (Sunningdale); Stanley Anderson (Hindhead), beaten at the twenty-first by W. D Scott (R. and A.); and Cyril Tolley (Royal St. George's), who defeated W. Tulloch (Cathkin Braes) easily

Left: Dr. John MacCormack (Grange), who won his match against E. N. Mobbs (Stoke Poges); J. C. Brown (Waterford), the Irish Close Champion, a first-round victim to A. Walker (Delamere Forest); and W. J. Gill (Portmarnock), also an early casualty to H. C. McCullum (Troon)

E. Gibbs (Muswell Hill), who beat W. C. Carr (Walton Heath); Captain F. L. Rankin (Sunningdale), a first-round loser to A. Clarke; and Major W. H. H. Aitken (R. and A.), beaten by H. L. Archibald

Two home players in the Championships at Royal Lytham and St. Annes. W. M. Robb (Moseley) and A. B. Newey (Moseley), beaten by A. McClure (Wanstead)

Two of the Canadian contingent, Richard Moore and Phil Farley. The former beat H. Thompson (Williamwood), after a stern fight, and the latter beat J. H. Catterall (Royal Lytham and St. Annes)

It's a Queer Game, Golf! Interludes at

Eustace Storey sitting down to it, and the Hon. Michael Scott standing up to it

Lawson Little, U.S.A., about to give the ball all he has got

Tom Parker, of Fairhaven, in happy vein

W. F. Pharazyn, of Letchworth, in funny hat

To keep the cold out, Mrs. Francis Francis, better known as "Sunny" Jarman, wears her entire wardrobe. (Mr. John Morrison please copy)

Ross Somerville ("Silent Sandy") playing "Saturday afternoon stuff" from one of the bunkers

Leslie Halliwell could not help winning from Ross Somerville

Beaumont Pease, of Alnmouth, mentally steers his ball up the fairway

Gordon Jones, of Trentham, making his putting more difficult

the Amateur Championship : By H. H. Harris

Cyril Tolley back in fighting form

John Burke, of Co. Clare, doing his stuff in the rough

Dr. John D. MacCormack ran Rex Hartley (left) a good second in deportment

Leonard Crawley owed defeat to his poor short game

Hilary Bray, of Rye, had the highest follow-through

J. H. Bryant, the victor of Jack McLean

C. W. Timmis, of Royal Liverpool, and Edward Bromley-Davenport, of Wilmslow, going up the twelfth fairway

Dale Bourn "went out" in one of his wild moods

A Ladies' Night

The Thirty Club at Claridge's

The Hon. Mrs. Peter Aitken and Colonel F. Lawson supping at Claridge's when the Thirty Club, the Carlton Club of the advertising world, entertained the ladies. Below are Sir Charles Higham and Mrs. Muir

Above: Mr. J. C. Akerman, vice-chairman of Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Mrs. Joicey (Violet Loraine), in the centre, and Mrs. Akerman

Seen on the right: Mr. A. Martin and Mrs. Ed. Hunter

Mrs. Alfred Pemberton, Mrs. Cecil Hughes, and Mrs. Boggon

Mrs. G. S. Royds, Mr. G. S. Royds, and Lady Rhondda

Sport with the Lid Off:

By "Mark Over"

Golf North of the Tweed

The Earl of Dudley and Mr. S. Neuman, who took part in a recent week-end golf competition held on the Gleneagles Hotel Links

Right: Captain G. H. Fanshawe (Knaves) and Captain Maurice Kingscote (O.E.) in a struggle for possession during a polo match between Old Etonians and the Knaves at Hurlingham. The former team, who received 3½, winning by 9½ goals to 8

Below: Stephen Kimpton and his younger brother, Roger, of Melbourne, who are up at Oxford and have been showing good form. Roger scored 38 against Worcestershire and 160 against Gloucestershire, while his elder brother made 31 against the Western county

Polo at Hurlingham

Cornstalks at Oxford

THE cold snap which has sent us shivering for our great-coats once again has played havoc with sport just lately. We saw the start of a cricket season full of high promise; and then comes Arctic weather to keep the crowds away from the county grounds all over the country. As it is, many overworked and over-worried secretaries of our big clubs are grumbling about the puny gate-receipts so far this season.

And the South Africans have been hard hit. Look at their match with the M.C.C. on the leather-jacket land we know as Lord's. Our visitors calculated—and rightly—that they would get a handsome return from this game at cricket's headquarters. They were an attractive side. They had come to Lord's with a string of brilliant successes—and not a few likely century-makers among their team. They were, in short, a real gate-drawing side. What happened? The weather played them a cruel trick; indeed, what should have been one of their best gates (barring the Tests) was very nearly ruined.

SO through cricket it is the same. Somerset lost well over £100 in the match with Essex at Frome. Rain and the cold was their bogey. All this, mark you, is desperately bad luck, for there are few counties to-day who can stand the strain of many rain-ruined fixtures. Cricket generally is living very near to the poverty-line; and this season, of course, there are no Australians to swell the profits of the clubs.

I trust that this cold snap—which, I believe, the estimable Buchan predicted for us some years ago!—will not linger on through what we had fondly hoped would be our summer. For, as things are shaping just now, this should be a vintage year for open-air sport. There is, for instance, the prospect of a world's heavy-weight championship fight between Max Baer, the American holder of the title, and Max Schmeling, of Germany.

NOW, Walter Rothenburg, the German who promoted the successful Schmeling-Steve Hamas battle in Hamburg, has searched the cities of Europe in an effort to find the right place for this world's championship fight. And, at last, he believes that London—and Wembley—is the best venue. Is he right? I wonder. Somehow, your Englishman has a strange aversion to open-air boxing shows, as has been proved time and again. Off-hand, I can only think of two or three under-the-sky fights which have been worth while financially in this country, one of them being the Larry Gains-Phil Scott contest at Wimbledon.

Herr Rothenburg must find a crowd of 100,000 before he will see any real return for the money he must lay out to bring Baer across the Atlantic. We have heard that Baer will want £60,000 as his end of the purse, and Schmeling, though apparently willing to take a comparatively small sum, will certainly not be fighting for nothing! So there it is: the German boxing promoter will have to put up something like £80,000 before he can think of getting the men into the ring. A big proposition—and one which depends for its success on the very vague English weather. A cold night, a nip in the air, menacing rain clouds—and Herr Rothenburg will find things running far from smoothly.

IN the meantime, however, Max Baer has to meet one James J. Braddock in the States, and any hope of his appearing in an English ring depends on the outcome of this contest. Braddock does not look to have much chance. But then, a certain fellow named Gene Tunney never looked to have a chance of beating Jack Dempsey—but he did the trick!

What romance lies behind Braddock's sudden rise to the position of world-championship contender? An American friend tells me that only last Christmas he was finding things going pretty badly; so badly, in fact, that he was living in the basement of a block of flats and working on odd jobs in lieu of rent! Yet

(*Continued on page viii*)

Some Flying Occasions

By Charles Ward

Above: Dr. Myles Bickerton, a well-known owner-pilot, has his own private aerodrome at Denham, Bucks. He is seen greeting Mrs. Crossley, who has flown over for tea. Mrs. Bickerton is in the centre

Right: personalities at Heston: Captain and Mrs. R. L. Preston. He is in the Coldstream Guards and is Honorary Secretary of the Household Brigade Flying Club, which is holding a night-flying party at Heston this evening

The Aeronautical Round

EVENTS grave and gay, business and pleasure, are succeeding each other with such rapidity that it is difficult to do justice to them all. The race for the Deutsch de la Meurthe Cup, the fastest land aircraft event in Europe, was won by M. Delmotte at an average speed of 276 miles an hour, 20 miles an hour faster than the record set up by the late Mlle. Helene Boucher. The 'plane was a Caudron with a 330-horse-power Renault engine, names which revive memories for all early pilots. How many can recall the early Caudrons? They had Anzani engines which shed spots of hot oil over the pilot and observer, who sat behind in a small nacelle. And thousands of pilots sat behind an 80-horse-power Renault during 1914-18. Some years must pass before the speed of aeroplanes exceeds that of seaplanes such as the Schneider Trophy racers. A similar, if not a higher speed in the air could be achieved to-day if the landplane could be launched and could alight safely at speeds around 100 miles an hour; but this is impossible on the ordinary grass or earth aerodrome. An increase in air speed without any corresponding increase to take off and to land is being sought by such devices as variable pitch airscrews, about which much has yet to be learnt, flaps on the wings to act as air brakes on descent, retractable chassis and new fuels producing greater power from any given engine.

Hanworth Reopens

ON Sunday next, June 2nd, Captain the Rt. Hon. F. E. Guest will declare Hanworth re-opened as a Country Flying Club. There seems something particularly appropriate in having Captain Guest perform the ceremony, as he was the Chairman of N.F.S., the Company which created Hanworth. The venture failed, largely because it was tied to a scheme to establish a national system of aerodromes and flying schools for which the country was not ready. Actually, Hanworth has not been closed for flying, but the club-house has been in the hands of the builders and decorators, and it is the result of their labours which will be revealed on Sunday. The restaurant, lounge and bedroom accommodation has been considerably enlarged, and more provision has been made for sports and games. "Bones" Brady is the moving spirit directing the flying school, which will be augmented very shortly to take R.A.F. Reserve pupils, training on the Blackburn B.2, the all-metal descendant of the Bluebird. The Brooklands Aero Club is at home to its friends on Saturday, June 1st, admission being by ticket only. Those arriving by air are asked to land before 2.30, in order not to interfere with the programme.

The Display and the Royal Review

REHEARSALS are now in active progress for the R.A.F. Display to be held at Hendon on June 29th. Expansion of the Service lends special interest to this year's event, when many new high-speed and weight-carrying types will be seen for the first time in public. But Hendon is also a social function that has earned a place in the calendar of the London Season. Nothing quite so thrilling or well organised as an air pageant can be seen elsewhere. H.M. the King reviews the R.A.F. on July 6th. No fewer than 350 warplanes from 40 squadrons will be assembled for inspection at Mildenhall, after which they will fly in formation past a saluting base at Duxford, another R.A.F. aerodrome about 20 miles away. The King, who will wear the uniform of Marshal of the R.A.F. for the first time, is driving to Mildenhall in the morning, and after lunch in the officers' mess, will meet the Queen at Duxford. No. 19 Squadron, equipped with the Gloster "Gauntlet" flying at 230 miles an hour, will give a display of aerial drill. Plans have been made to accommodate 75,000 people at Duxford, and about 25,000 will be able to see the aircraft take off from Mildenhall, though only from fields surrounding the aerodrome.

A New "Comet" Is Born

TOM CAMPBELL BLACK, who was with Scott in the "Comet" which won the MacRobertson Trophy, has placed an order with de H.'s for another and a faster meteorite. It is designed to cruise at 10,000 feet at 220 miles an hour, with an all-out speed of 250 near the ground. Its range will be 3000 miles, sufficient for raids on all existing long-distance records. In addition, Captain Black may take the 'plane to America, particularly the southern continent, where British prestige in the air needs some stimulation. The Miles "Hawk," with a Gipsy "Six," has been making some fast times for North Eastern Airways. Heston to Edinburgh was flown in 2 hours on Jubilee day. The Hendy "Heck" seems likely to be seen in quantity quite soon. The Company is being absorbed by a much larger concern, Parnall Aircraft, whose directors include Lt.-Col. Stewart Blacker, the observer with Lord Clydesdale over Mount Everest, Frazer Nash, well known in the motoring world, and E. G. Thompson, who will be managing director. It's stale news that Heston is being enlarged, but very few people realise the demands made on their hangar space every night; an average of 160 'planes are housed and 30,000 square feet are to be added to cope with this year's requirements.

When everything has been as near perfect as this world allows—the floor, the band, above all, one's friends—it's good to get back and talk it over with a refreshing glass of Whitbread's Pale Ale.

BREWED AND BOTTLED ONLY BY WHITBREAD & CO., LTD., LONDON.

I.P.S.

Women's Golf:

Disaster in Wales: By Eleanor E. Helme

Left: Miss Isabella Rieben, the holder, Miss Patience Low, her cousin, who will make a strong competitor in the "Bystander's" Girls' Open Championship, which has been ante-dated to September 4th, 5th, and 6th. On the right, Miss Kittermaster, of Aberdovey

Below: A. D. Stocks and Mrs. A. D. Stocks (Roehampton), sister of Kitty McKane (Mrs. Godfree), one-time Lawn Tennis Champion, and herself a first-class tennis player, with Major Guy Bennett and Mrs. Gallatly, representing Sunningdale, in the Camberley Heath Mixed Foursomes

Camberley Heath Inter-Club Mixed Foursomes

The Welsh Championship at Tenby

DEAR BYSTANDER,

HERE am I, suspended between Wales and Ireland after the most amazing week of golf-following that has ever fallen to my lot. I began it in raptures over a glorious course (and ended it, too, if a mere personal round over Tenby can be mentioned), and finished it in a state of utter bewilderment and disappointment.

Have you ever had a nightmare that something desperately important has been going on for several days, but that you, who ought to have a share in it, have turned your back on it? I often have that nightmare: a championship has arrived at its final stages, and I do not know who has survived, and am certainly not there for the final. At Tenby it was just the reverse: here was I, here was everybody, all assembled and keyed up—and no final stages to be played or watched, no Welsh Champion for 1935. It is a hard fate, and pity is equally divided between the Tenby Club (who must have lost considerably, and had no share in the decision to abandon play), Miss Cunninghame (who would dearly have liked the event to go through, and who had worked so endlessly and successfully for everybody's enjoyment), and Miss Isabella Rieben, the holder, who was perfectly ready to hazard her title if only the word were given to continue play. A word of condolence might be added to Miss Jeffreys and Miss Pyman, both with a chance of winning the title, only, as they were emphatic that play should cease, and that they preferred a little more time to get on to Ireland, pity for them seems misplaced.

To begin at the beginning—and ending—which is admiration for Tenby both as a course and a place. Real seaside golf, stances that seem queer to the inlander, great bold sandhills and little subtle ones, too, sand blowing out of the bunkers in the wind, balls quaking in it on the green, beautifully true greens, but with plenty of interesting natural slopes in them, and away to the south-east an enchanting blue sea, with inviting little cliffs and bays of white sand where, when depressed by too hard work with niblick or putter, golf might be left to itself, and you, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," could lie and reflect what a peaceful place that world might be if there were no golf in it.

Peaceful, though, was not the right word on the qualifying day. There was quite a strong wind from the north-east—the wrong way for the course. It ought to have been easy to get out, and ridiculously hard to get home. In practice nobody found it very easy to get out, 38 from Miss Isabella Rieben being the best, but everybody found it hard to come home. Miss Gethin Griffiths, who had already led Tenby to victory in the Team Championship, struck the happy medium best, and her 81 headed the list, with Miss Jestyn Jeffreys 82, and Miss Rieben 83.

That much was definite and achieved. So was much good fighting the next day, and it was splendid to see such a stride forward in style and promise since first I watched a Welsh Championship five years ago. There are young golfers coming on apace: Miss Patience Low, who may quite well win our Girls' Championship in September; Miss Gibbs, who seemed to be swinging beautifully, in spite of exchanging golf during the winter for three days a week with the Fernie; Miss Marjorie Williams, who took Miss Rieben to the last green after being any amount down; Miss Mathias Thomas, who stood up to Miss Pyman for much longer than she had thought possible or her handicap suggested; Miss Joan Webber, who, with more experience and perhaps some first-class lessons, might go far. Then Mrs. Jack Lewis, a new choice for Newcastle, seems a high-class player, Mrs. Walter Phillips a first-rate fighter, and of the acknowledged top-notchers Miss Rieben is beyond doubt a fine golfer; so is Miss Jestyn Jeffreys, who ought to go further in the Open than she has ever done. Miss Pyman struck a bad patch and must not be judged by it.

WELL, to continue the narrative. The week grew steadily colder and more blustery until, when the last eight went out to play, snow and hail and wind combined to make the morning utterly abominable. With the course under snow, there was nothing to be done but declare the round null and void. Only the pity was that when the snow had all gone, before three in the afternoon, the Committee did not agree to play the last eight round then and there, semi-finals the next morning, and an eighteen-hole final the next afternoon instead of a thirty-six one. Then everybody could have started for Ireland just as soon as they had always meant to do. But the Committee, regardless of those facts, or the beautiful green course waiting by then to be played on, decided, after two meetings, that to go on with the Championship meant a rush for those who were going to Ireland, and so cancelled everything. I shall not quickly forget the blank look of despair on the faces of those who wished to finish the Championship, even at the risk of losing it, at the end of that meeting. Nor do I wish to see it again.

The Game in Scotland

Sir Basil Eddis, runner-up in the "Bystander's" £500 Trophy Competition at Felixstowe this year, with Lady Eddis at a recent week-end's golf at the Gleneagles Hotel links

I FELT then as if Tenby were the hub of the golfing universe. As a matter of fact, much has been happening elsewhere. In the Northern division nothing decisive has occurred, but Norfolk are through their sub-division after a week's strenuous matches at Seacroft; Surrey are through theirs, waiting now to play Essex. Camberley Heath, represented by Miss Gourlay and Mr. W. A. Stevenson, have won that Club's open scratch interclub mixed foursomes; Miss Newell has won the Derbyshire Championship and Mrs. Eric Fiddian the Worcestershire, beating Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Mrs. Challen in their respective finals; and the Hon. Elizabeth Brand has again beaten Miss Pamela Schreiber in the final of the Parliamentary Tournament. This year, though, she gave strokes instead of receiving them, which is all the more pleasing for her.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

★
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For make-up, a light film of the Foundation Cream into which the Rouge Cream can be artistically worked to give a soft, natural bloom of colour, then the fine, clinging "Silver Box" Powder (an attractive shade is English Peach), an accentuation of the mouth with the new Indelible Lipstick, and finally, a trace of the Eye Shadow to flatter the eyes. The result—with a skin that is cared for by the Yardley Beauty Preparations—is one of living, radiant beauty.

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Col. Fred Cripps

Clubs Without Quarters

(*Continued from page* 376)

J. H. Thomas. That autumn a nucleus committee of Lord Derby, Sir Alfred Butt, Sir Louis Greig, J. A. Dewar, Fred Bishop, Claude Leigh, and Sidney Galtrey was collected. Lord Derby presided, and my Lords Rosebery, Camrose, and Glanely, together with Sir Harry McGowan and Mr. Francis Egerton and Mr. Lionel Montagu, also joined the committee.

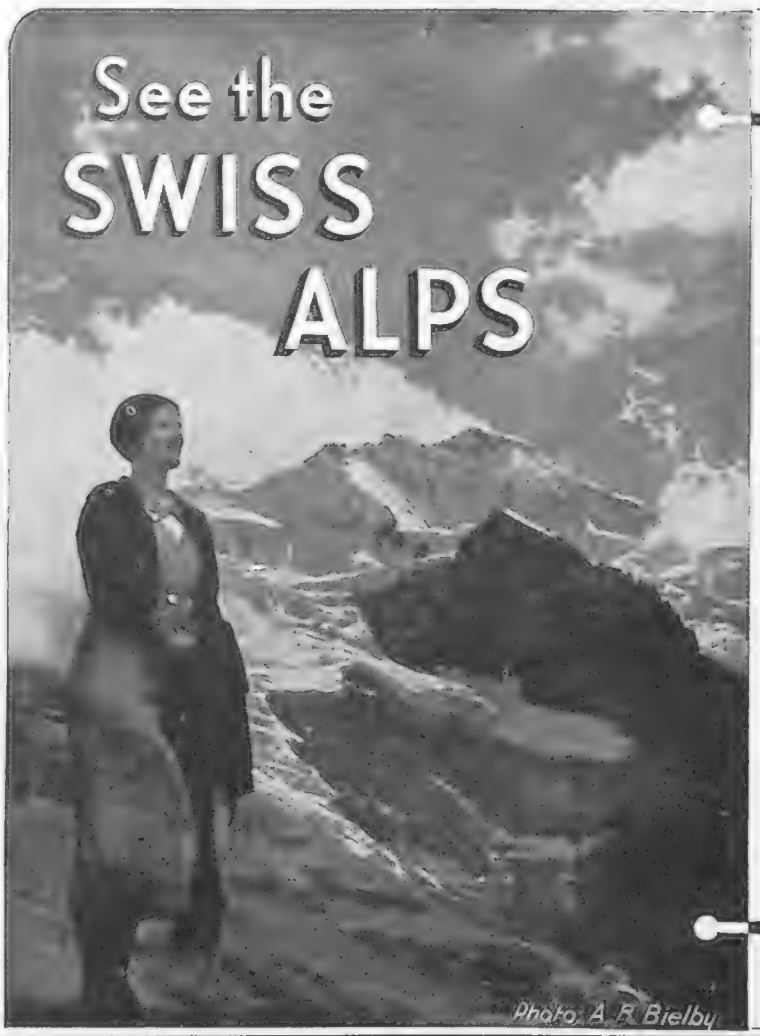
A SUBSCRIPTION was fixed at two pounds a year, and it was arranged that no member should have more than two guests. It was also decided to revive the dinner before the Cambridgeshire. The membership was limited to a hundred, and it was agreed that holders of licenses from the Jockey Club or under National Hunt rules would be ineligible. Bookmakers were also ruled out. Last year A. P. Herbert made the members' speech, and the Duke of York was present. To-day the Derby Club forgathering is regularised, as one dinner each year, held at the Savoy, before the Derby. Sir Alfred Butt is the Club auctioneer. And what a coincidence it was in 1933: Lord Derby drew Hyperion himself.

THE members to-day are most distinguished. There is the Aga Khan, who expects to win again this year; there is Meyrick Good, one of the very few men in the country who can really read a race while it is in progress; there is Sir Walter Gilbey, who is tremendously proud of his small child. Edward Robson, who is so fond of plastering five at roulette,

Capt. Sidney Galtrey

and who is no piker when it comes to contract, is another member. Mr. James de Rothschild, with his golden name and golden complexion; Freddy Lonsdale, who is in the middle of a new play and has become a real addict to golf; Dick Lyle, who broadcasts the big races; Lord Hirst, of whose two original office-boys one is a night watchman and the other a brilliant figure in the City; Brigadier-General James Walker, who is no relation of Jimmy; Lord Westmorland, who seems to be a complete stranger to a tail-coat; Colonel Fred Cripps; Sir Jock Jardine, the pride of Savile Row, or, I should say, Dover Street; Lord Portal, who makes the five-pound notes; Lord Sefton, that incorrigible bachelor; Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld, whose diaries have proved so prolific and readable; Percy Thellusson, who has had so much to do with champagne; Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, who once rode a winner during the lunch hour and was back at Whitehall as if nothing had happened in time for his afternoon work; Lord Castlerosse, whose green pullovers and white waistcoats seem deliberately to enhance his lordly bulk; Tom Webster, who has indirectly given at least twenty-five thousand pounds to charity by drawing menus for nothing so frequently; and Colonel Lawson, who invariably makes the best speech of the evening in whatever company he is asked to speak, are only some of the more distinguished members.

This year, no doubt, Claude Leigh will again buy the winning ticket, but one cannot grudge it him. If he had not bought Blenheim's ticket that year the H.B. Club would be almost completely forgotten, and certainly the Derby Club would not have come into existence.



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Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page i)*

here he is, after a smashing victory over Art Lasky, put up against Baer! It is staggering. I know not what riches dangle before Braddock's eyes just now—success against Baer would put him in sight of a fortune; and yet, not so many months ago, he was forced to accept what goes for out-relief in the States!

ANOTHER big battle is to come off in America next month, but this time on the running-track. Jack Lovelock, the long-striding New Zealander who is now studying at St. Mary's Hospital, is to make a trip across "the Pond" to meet Bill Bonthron, his friendly "enemy" in so many classic mile races, and Glen Cunningham. It should be the race of the century.

I am told that Lovelock is tuning-up wonderfully well for this, his greatest test. He is in splendid form just now, and would seem to have a very real chance of beating the two great Americans. Of course, athletic form is a strange thing; but on the face of it I expect Lovelock to canter away from Bonthron, but to find that his chief challenge will come from Cunningham, who, by the way, is the present holder of the world's mile record.

Strangely enough, both Bonthron and Cunningham were, as boys, involved in accidents which caused the doctors to predict that they would not walk again. Writing from memory, I believe it was Bonthron who got a terrific burn on one of his legs when he touched a live wire while climbing a tree; and Cunningham was badly scarred as the result of a schoolhouse fire. However, they both confounded the doctors and, with Lovelock, stand as the pre-eminent mile runners of the age—perhaps of all time!

AND now, for a moment, let us get back to cricket, with a thought for Harold Gimblett, the Somerset youth whose flashing bat has brought him a century in sixty-three minutes in his first county game. It is a happy omen that Gimblett comes from the West, for it was the West Country which gave us Gilbert Jessop of everlasting memory. "I 've got a good 'un," said old Dr. Grace when Jessop's bat first started to send forked lightning across cricket's sky; and I imagine that the mandarins of Somerset are saying much the same thing about Gimblett.

Facing the varied Essex attack, Gimblett played authentic cricket. There was about him the right style, so that experts who saw his brilliant hitting are saying that his display was no flash in the pan. However, I am prepared to wait a while. We have seen Gimblett in action at Lord's, but this showing after his firework display at Frome is not enough to assess his form. It is in the strain of continuous county matches that a man's real worth is revealed.

MEANWHILE, I am watching the work of two young North Country colts with more than ordinary interest. There is Washbrook, the Lancashire lad who has gained his county cap by a classic exhibition on a tricky Old Trafford wicket. While well-known batsmen were failing against Worcestershire, Washbrook remained unbeaten through the innings. Here should be a future England star.

Again, Yorkshire would seem to have discovered a brilliant batsman in Leonard Hutton, who hails from Pudsey. It was Pudsey which gave Sutcliffe—and, I believe, Tunnicliffe—to Yorkshire cricket. Sutcliffe has formed a high opinion of Hutton; so high, indeed, that he can say of this eighteen-years-old colt that he "may prove to be the most famous of all the men sent by Pudsey to the aid of Yorkshire."

Can Hutton live up to this? Well, we got a glimpse of his worth in the match with Gloucestershire, for he came through a critical second innings unbeaten—and this after several star men had failed. So watch Washbrook and Hutton. They have a long road to travel, yet we may see them make a truce between the White and the Red Roses in the cause of England cricket before many years have gone.

In our issue of May 15, beneath a photograph of R. A. Leyton, it was stated that he was playing in the Inter-'Varsity Lawn Tennis Match. It was, however, his brother, G. B. Leyton who was given a full Blue this year. R. A. Leyton has been down for some time. Apologies, herewith, to both brothers.

What an amazingly versatile artist Gracie Fields is! She can be the incarnation of the north country character . . . its humour, its matter-of-fact sanity, and the next minute she will sing us a dainty love lyric with the greatest delicacy and charm. No wonder she appreciates the East Coast. It has the same quality of versatility. There is something for every man in every humour . . . . . and, of course, woman too! Do you want the "fun of the fair," a beach with merry people, a round of the seaside pleasures that the English love? Or elegance and a suave holiday luxury? Or the charm of old fashioned corners by the sea? On the East Coast you can find them all . . . . . at their best.

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What's On *(Continued from page D)*

OPERA AND BALLET

AT COVENT GARDEN:

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.—Command Performance; Vincenzo Bellezza conducts: to-night, 8.15.

LOHENGRIN. — Beecham conducting: May 30th, 7.

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA: May 31st, 8.15.

SCHWANDA. — Conducted by Robert Heger: June 3rd, 8.30.

GLYNDEBOURNE MOZART FESTIVAL:

COSI FAN TUTTE: May 30th and June 1st, 5.15.

ZAUBERFLOTE: May 31st, 7.

SADLER'S WELLS ALL-BALLET SEASON: Last week: Nightly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ARGENTINA.—The famous dancer gives her London recitals: Savoy, May 30th, 31st, at 8.45. June 1st, at 2.45.

SHAWN—and his Men Dancers give three special matinées: His Majesty's, May 30th, June 4th and 6th, at 3.

MUSIC

Orchestral

LONDON MUSIC FESTIVAL.—Toscanini's first concert includes Brahms's Fourth Symphony and Elgar's Enigma Variations; B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, June 3rd, 8.30.
(Other concerts, June 5th, 12th, 19th.)

BIRMINGHAM PHILHARMONIC STRING ORCHESTRA.—English programme; Johan C. Hock conducts: Aeolian Hall, to-day, 3 and 8.15.

Recitals

SURYA SENA.—The Sinhalese singer: Grotrian Hall, to-night, 8.45.

SEGOVIA.—The famous guitarist's only recital: Wigmore Hall, May 30th, 5.30.

JORGE BOLET.—The Cuban pianist: Aeolian Hall, May 31st, 8.30.

POLDI MILDNER.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, May 31st, 8.30.

TINA LERNER.—The Russian pianist: Curzon Theatre, June 2nd, 3.15.

ANTONIO BROSA.—Violin recital: Wigmore Hall, June 4th, 8.30.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

BLUE TRAIN.—Starr and Browning, coloured singers, entertain, and Gerhardi's band plays in the restaurant; dancing in the grill in any dress: extension, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Hyson and Roberts' Most Beautiful Girls; Colombo's dance band; dress as you will: extension, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant, where day or evening clothes go well; cabaret at midnight.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Cross and Dunn, the new and amusing New York singers, are now appearing; dancing to Jack Harris; day clothes on the balcony: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—Dancing every night to Howard Jacobs's band; an amusing cabaret at midnight: extension, Tuesday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—"Les Girls" from Monte Carlo sing and dance and look nice, and there are other turns to amuse; Sydney Lipton's band plays: extension Thursday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Excellent food, especially fish, and good wines; lunch, dinner, supper; no music.

RITZ.—A café chantant evening; Jane Armstrong sings, "Charlie" compères, the Marino Norris Trio appear: extension, Wednesday.

ROMANO'S.—Here is Bohemia as it ever was; evening or day clothes; Lou Preager's band plays, and there 's a cabaret at midnight.

SAN MARCO.—Maurice Winnick's band plays; there 's no cabaret; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

In the Ballrooms

PLAYING FIELDS BALL.—In aid of the National Playing Fields Association: Grosvenor House, to-night.

INDIA "HOT WEATHER" BALL.—In aid of the Uniacke Soldiers' Club, Murree: Dorchester, to-night.

ROYAL CALEDONIAN BALL: Grosvenor House, May 31st.

SILVER STAR BALL: s.s. Majestic, Southampton, May 31st.

DERBY BALL.—In aid of Royal Northern Hospital (Rosemary Ednam Ward): Grosvenor House, June 3rd.

JEWELS OF EMPIRE BALL.—In aid of Papworth Village Settlement: Grosvenor House, June 4th.

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ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

The Editor's Box

Anders Timberg

The Swedish tenor, who appears with the Sonata Players — Marie Hall the famous violinist, and Mary Ramsay at the piano. They gave a successful recital at the Hon. Mrs. J. M. Balfour's house in Gloucester Square last week. The programme included sonatas by Mozart, etc., and the first performance of the songs of Guinand

Right: George Robey on the terrace of the Palace Hotel, Torquay, showing two of the directors that golf is really a very easy game

George Robey at the Palace Hotel, Torquay

The Spalding Lawn Tennis Ball

It can be definitely claimed that the Spalding Ball for 1935 will stand up as long, or longer than any other make, because the cloth is of the finest quality, and the construction of the centres is such that it is an aid to the greatest durability. The following quite unsolicited testimonial from an important Tennis Club confirms the contention that the Spalding Ball gives more good tennis per ball—and that 's economy: "The balls you sent have been used on seven occasions, each at least two sets, and on three occasions at least three sets (in all, 23 sets). No complaint of any description has been made; in fact, all members who have used them have nothing but praise for them. I cannot eulogise on them too much, but suffice it for me to say that these balls are as lively as ever, and that is saying a lot, especially as they were tried out in damp weather and on hard courts. It must seem superfluous to say that they were used on hard courts, but I wanted to stress that point as it brings me to what I consider to be the greatest thing in their favour. A large number of tennis balls when used on hard courts quickly lose the nap, but not so the Spalding. The nap on them is hardly, if at all, worn and they only look as if they had been used once."

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Among Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street) excellent preparations, there is Eau de Lait for cleansing, which is particularly good for people who lead an open-air existence. It not only penetrates deep into the pores of the skin, thereby dislodging all those particles of dust and dirt, but it acts as an emollient. Another point is that it is not greasy, and can therefore be used at any hour of the day. In the case of delicate skins, it is strongly recommended in preference to water, which so frequently contains hardening properties.

How to Treat Blackheads

Blackheads are a very prevalent trouble, especially among people with oily skins. They are usually the result of enlarged pores, caused by constant washing in hot water, and indigestible diet. A simple treatment for this is to apply Marshall and Snelgrove's Astringent Lotion, after cleansing and massaging the skin. The effect of this is to contract the pores and stimulate the muscles, after which the affected parts should be bathed with Acne Lotion and left for the night. The same treatment may be successfully adopted for acne and other blemishes, though in this case it is advisable to visit a doctor, as acidity of the blood is often a contributory factor.

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Geneva.—La Residence.—First-cl. Res. All comf. Spl. Roof gdn. Ten. Open-air Rest'nt. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pen. fr. 10 Frs.

Geneva.—Hotel Richemond.—First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 6 Frs.

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Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site.—First class at reasonable rates. Exc. cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lausanne.—The Hotel Victoria.—Home-like house. Latest comf. R'ms. from 5 Frs., incl. terms 13 Frs. Garden. Gar. Rest'nt.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—First-class. Finest situation on lake. Reasonable terms. Private lake. Baths free for guests. Pk., Ten., Gar.

Lucerne.—The National.—Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room fr. Frs. 8. Pen. fr. Frs. 18. Director: A. de Micheli.

Lucerne.—Hotel Schweizerhof.—Every Comfort. Personal Attention. Golf, 18 holes. O. Hauser, Proprietor.

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Montreux.—Montreux Palace Htl.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. Comft. Golf, Tennis. Lge. Pk., Gar., Bch.

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GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Daphne Prizer

Daphne de Levis Prizer is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rodney de Levis Prizer, of 15, Basil Street, S.W.1, and is engaged to Philip Hedges, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Hedges, of the Grange, Waltham Cross, Herts. Her father is chairman of the American Society in London

Houston-Rogers

Noelle Roberts-Carter

Is the only daughter of the late Wilfred Roberts-Carter and Mrs. Roberts-Carter, of 6, Markham Street, S.W.3; her fiancé is Nigel George Hallett, R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hallett, of 31, Hill Street, S.W.7.

Mangles—James

Flt.-Lieut. Arthur Ross Mangles, R.A.F., son of the late Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Mangles, and Barbara F. B. James, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter James, of Angeston Grange, Uley, Glos, leaving Uley Parish Church after their wedding

Hay Wrightson

Joan Harris

Is engaged to Bernard Nicholls, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Nicholls, of Cloverley Hall, Whitchurch, Salop; she is the only child of the late Mr. and Mrs. Grenville Harris, of Neyland House, Neyland, Pembrokeshire

Lenare

Jean Grant

Is the younger daughter of Selwyn D. Grant, of 53, Parliament Street, S.W.1, and the late Mrs. Grant, and is engaged to Dr. Cedric Barrington Prowse, son of Dr. and Mrs. W. Barrington Prowse, of 31, Vernon Terrace, Brighton

Robertson—Fry

Charles James Robertson, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Robertson, of the Rookery, Chew Magna, Somerset, and Barbara Elizabeth Fry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Fry, of Grove House, Frenchay, Glos, after their wedding at St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol

Tunbridge

Sheila Keane

Is the second daughter of Sir John and Lady Eleanor Keane, of 46, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8, and Cappoquin House, Co. Waterford, and is to marry Christopher Knight, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Knight, of Ackworth, Lymington, in July

Bassano

Pamela Head

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Head, of Iverna Court, W.8, and has announced her engagement to John Greville Williams, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Greville Williams, of Ladymead, West Wittering, Sussex

Dickens—Miller

Lt. Gerala Dickens, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Dickens, and great-grandson of the famous novelist, and Joyce Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Miller, of Wychcotes, Caversham, Oxon, were married at St. Anne's, Caversham

Blackburne — Wilson

Kenneth W. Blackburne, son of the Dean of Bristol and Mrs. Harry Blackburne, and Bridget Wilson, daughter of the late James M. Wilson, of Currygrane, Co. Longford, and Mrs. Wilson, of Gratwicks, Steyning, Sussex, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Fane — Jump

Major Henry Neville Fane, of Boynton Manor, Wilts, son of the late Sir Edmund Veitch Fane, and Annette Jump, daughter of Mrs. James Jump, of the Chantry, Ipswich, Suffolk, leaving Caxton Hall after their wedding

Morgan — Foster

David Russell Morgan, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Eve Foster, daughter of the late Major Foster, and Mrs. Foster, of Warmwell, Dorset, were married at Brompton Oratory

Williams — Allen

Captain Leoline Williams, late 4th-7th Dragoon Guards, and Mrs. Eileen Allen, younger daughter of Brigadier General and Mrs. Tyrell Champion de Crespigny, of Wivenhoe, Hythe, Kent, and niece of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, were married at Caxton Hall register office

Cookson — Luxmoore

Basil Cookson, of Whitehall, Bideford, Devon, and Joan Luxmoore, third daughter of the late C. F. C. Luxmoore, and Mrs. Luxmoore, of Eggesford House, Stafford Barton, Devon, photographed at the bride's home after their wedding

Wingfield — Stanley

Antony Wingfield, 10th Royal Hussars, son of Colonel the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Wingfield, and Judy Stanley, only daughter of the late Dr. William Burroughes Stanley and Mrs. Stanley, of Coolamber Manor, Westmeath, and Lilybrook, Budleigh Salterton, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Lawrence — Shearing

John Kempton Lawrence, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Lawrence, of 12, Charles Street, W.1, and Joan D'Urban Shearing, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. D'Urban Shearing, of Cooden, Sussex, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Francis — Gardner

Captain William Donald Francis, Frontier Force Rifles, and Elinor A. Gardner, youngest daughter of the late R. A. Gardner, and Mrs. Gardner, of Elmhurst, Goring-on-Thames, chose the Chapel of the Savoy for their wedding last week

Hyde — Andrew

Patrick R. Hyde, Royal Signals, son of the late Major P. G. Hyde, and Mrs. Hyde, and Margaret Stewart Andrew, eldest daughter of the late Hugh Stewart Andrew, of Gong, New South Wales, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

THE AUNT OF ENGLAND.—Victorian sentiment given flavour by Haidée Wright's performance as the autocratic old Duchess who treats her family as children and chattels: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FROLIC WIND.—Richard Oke's novel brilliantly adapted; a clever, subtle play, with a first-rate cast, including Henrietta Watson, Nina Boucicault, M. Terry-Lewis, and D. Holmes-Gore as four old sisters, Veronica Turleigh, Basil Bartlett: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HERVEY HOUSE.—Nicholas Hannen as a ducal statesman, Fay Compton as his wife, and Gertrude Lawrence his mistress; the cast and the setting make it worth while: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Carol Coombe, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MASK OF VIRTUE.—Polished tricks and trifling in Ashley Duke's eighteenth-century manner, with Frank Cellier and Jeanne de Casalis as aristocratic intriguers, Vivien Leigh as the attractive dupe: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ROULETTE.—A patchy story in a Monte Carlo setting; the dialogue is versatile, and Hella Kurty as a gambler's bride, Margaret Rawlings as a cocotte, and Austin Trevor as a waiter, miss no opportunities: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play may be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—A mixture of comedy and a little tragedy, with beautiful acting by Eugénie Leontovich, and Cedric Hardwicke, Evelyn Roberts, and Allan Aynesworth all in excellent form: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICEROY SARAH.—Queen Anne 's alive, poor, dear, distracted thing, as Barbara Everest plays her; Irene Vanbrugh is Sarah; the story is as human as historical: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

CHARLOT'S CHAR-A-BANG!—The sketches are neat and amusing, the music is pleasant, the stars are Elsie Randolph, John Tilley, Reginald Gardiner, and Iris March—it 's a good revue: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

DANCING CITY.—A musical play with a Viennese setting; Lea Seidl as Maria Teresa, who banned the waltz, Derek Oldham as the Archduke: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLYING TRAPEZE.—A fascinating circus spectacle of décor and production, with amusing moments contributed by Jack Buchanan, Ivy St. Helier, and Fred Emney: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DECEIVERS.—From the French success *Toi et Moi*, here played by Charlotte Greenwood, Claire Luce, Gina Malo, Clifford Mollison: Gaiety, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Musical comedy on a large scale, with Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello as stars; a pleasant evening for the Ruritanian-minded: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JACK O' DIAMONDS.—Gay and witty lyrics; the Cinderella story makes a cheerful, amused evening; Greta Fayne, Zelma O'Neal, Bobbie Comber, Reginald Purdell, and Richard Dolman all contribute: Cambridge, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—Lively, original, and good-humoured. Frances Day gives full personality value, and Arthur Riscoe is a gloomily comic foil for her: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LET 'S GO GAY.—It 's easy to go gay with them, especially the delightful Magda Kun, Steve Geray, Compère Rex Evans, Jane Carr; the wit is neat, the décor good: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 59.—Norah Chapman and Edna Thompson, Gus Chevalier, Eric Woodburn, Cedric Miller, and all the usual favourites: Windmill, 1.30—11.30 non-stop.

SHALL WE REVERSE?—Excursions backward through the centuries make a gay musical-comedy plot, with amusing lyrics; Sydney Fairbrother and Robert Hale, Edward Cooper and June are the excursionees: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

STOP PRESS.—The lighting and décor and the dancing stand out for excellence; the humour is less sophisticated; Phyllis Monkman and Dorothy Dickson are the stars: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The amusing burlesque of schoolbook history has Naunton Wayne as compère, Clarice Hardwicke, Charles Heslop, Scott Sunderland as kings and queens, Hugh E. Wright as the Common Man: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobby Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.—A comedy of flirtations, with Ronald Squire, king of philanderers, Nora Swinburne, Marda Vanne: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

CHASE THE ACE.—An Anthony Kimmins comedy, played by Marie Löhr, Winifred Shotter, Edward Chapman, George Relph: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MIRACLE MAN.—A simple story of crooks turning virtuous, with Seymour Hicks, Margaretta Scott, and Ellaline Terriss to give pleasant substance to the tale: Victoria Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MOTLEY.—A comedy thriller with Jack Melford, Marcelle Rogez, Mabel Poulton, Raymond Lovell: Winter Garden, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WORSE THINGS HAPPEN AT SEA.—Yvonne Arnaud, Frank Lawton, and Ena Burrill in a comedy by Keith Winter that 's only partly good entertainment: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

First Nights

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—A new thriller, with Nancy O'Neill and Henry Kendall: New, May 29th.

GOLDEN ARROW.—A light, satirical comedy, by Sylvia Thompson and Victor Cunard: Whitehall, May 30th.

A FAMILY MAN.—Third play of the Galsworthy festival, with Wilfred Lawson, Ivy Tresmand, Ann Codrington, and Patricia Hilliard: Playhouse, May 30th.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—A different sort of murder play by Emlyn Williams, who plays lead, with Angela Baddeley, Dame May Whitty, Basil Radford: Duchess, May 31st.

DUET IN FLOODLIGHT.—Madeleine Carroll and Anthony Ireland star in J. B. Priestley's latest: Apollo, June 4th.

CINEMAS

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV.—Anna Sten and Fritz Kortner in a German version of the Dostoievsky classic: Academy.

BROWN ON RESOLUTION.—Betty Balfour, John Mills, and Barry Mackay and the Royal Navy star in this stirringly impressive picture: New Gallery.

DRAKE OF ENGLAND.—Matheson Lang plays Drake. Athene Seyler plays Queen Elizabeth, Jane Baxter provides the love interest: Regal.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elizabeth Bergner as fascinating as ever as Gemma Jones, with Hugh Sinclair as the caddish Sanger hero: London Pavilion.

GOING TO TOWN.—The new Mae West display, with Paul Cavanagh and Ivan Lebedeff as the boys: Carlton.

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935.—A Busby Berkeley film, lavishly spectacular; Dick Powell, Adolphe Menjou, Alice Brady head the comedy cast: Capitol.

KID MILLIONS.—The latest of Eddie Cantor crazy adventure series reappears here: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG KING.—Emil Jannings as Frederick the Great's father, in a fine historical film: Curzon.

PASSPORT TO FAME.—An Edward G. Robinson picture, with Jean Arthur and Wallace Ford: Empire.

ROBERTA.—The Broadway musical success in its screen shape stars Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Irene Dunne; it 's full of good tunes and dancing: Tivoli.

SANDERS OF THE RIVER.—Leslie Banks, Paul Robeson, and Nina Mae McKinney, in the film of Edgar Wallace's West African story, finely produced and photographed: Leicester Square Theatre.

THE SCOUNDREL.—Noel Coward's first screen appearance; his partner is the new star, Julie Haydon: Plaza.

PAGEANTRY, SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION: Burlington House.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: 195, Piccadilly.

PAGEANT OF ENGLAND: Langley Park, Slough.

TOWER OF LONDON PAGEANT AND TATTOO.—In aid of Tower Hill Improvement Fund: from May 25th.

TROOPING THE COLOUR ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY: Horse Guards' Parade, June 3rd.

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIP DOG SHOW: Olympia, May 30th.

(*Continued on page* ix)

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LONDON NIGHTS

Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide for "Bystander" Readers

The Ritz

THE Ritz has turned itself into a grand place to go to for a late dinner or supper; there 's nowhere nicer in London. Like other successes, it was an immediate one; and from the opening night has been as amusing as it is at this moment. More than anything else it has got a " young-married " atmosphere, created by London's fashion-makers No. 1, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, who have been in several times. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Gloucester have taken to it, too. And that says all that 's necessary about who goes there.

The magnolia-trees have done their bit in making the room different from any other restaurant in London; it really *is* intimate and unsupercilious.

But the main draw, apart from its just being the Ritz, is the cabaret, which is quite excellent. Jane Armstrong 's a hit, as she was bound to be from the moment she sang her song about the Dorchester Girls, cultured Earls, and " the money side." She knows just exactly how to make her points. " Charlie," the Austrian compère, sings Viennese songs so that everyone remembers what fun they had in Kitzbühl; you can almost hear the sighs as people think back to January and February. And then there 's the Marino-Norris trio, coloured gentlemen from Cuba. One of them is a fine piano player, and one of them rolls his eyes—" oh, lady ! " And once more, how good the café chantant idea is, alternating the turns with intervals for dancing. Extension night, by the way, is Wednesday.

Later on, or when it gets less Arctic, the terrace on the Green Park is going to be opened. The Crown landlords have just given permission for it to be used for serving drinks, and one may, perhaps, be able to lunch out there as well.

Pratesi of the Carlton

Pratesi has been at the Carlton nearly twenty-five years, except for the war, when, incidentally, he was an important part of the Italian Mission attached to the 23rd Division

Aletto of the Ritz

First he knew his Londoners in the grill, which he opened; then he knew them all at lunch time, in the restaurant; and now he sees them again in the evening, and looks after them with the greatest skill

The Carlton

CABARET here, at the Ritz's big sister, runs on rather similar lines, as to excellence and a balanced variety of turns. But it 's not " café chantant," and the larger room and different type of client demand a subtle difference in presentation and mood. Hildegarde came on here after opening at the Ritz, and was a great success; it 's a pity her visit to London is over. There 's news of Dwight Fiske, the American Douglas Byng, coming over; if he does, it 'll be in time for Derby week. It 's understood his repertoire includes some lively and very pointed lyrics.

Howard Jacobs, whose band is here, is in great form; the rhythm he gets from his " boys " is as good for dancing as his own saxophone-playing is to listen to. Even if the room is to be somewhat re-arranged so as to make it seem less enormous—and it *is* big—it 's to be hoped the dance-floor space won't be lessened; it 's so very pleasant to be able to dance and not be forced to shuffle.

It is not good taste to smoke a cigar with a band on...

But it is good taste to drink SEAGER'S GIN with abandon

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THE DISTILLERY, DEPTFORD,
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Food and drink excellence remain, for many people, the Carlton's chief attraction. It 's not an unjustified claim that their kitchen and cellars and service are among the best in any country. It 's the connoisseurs who look for and appreciate this, not the people for whom champagne is "bubbly" and supper a matter of "Where shall we go?" after a theatre. They, the connoisseurs, come to dine rather than sup, so that often two distinct sets visit the restaurant between eight o'clock and closing time. This is particularly so on the evenings when the "theatricals" descend in force to eat and drink after their shows are over.

Dorvyue, Paris

Mansfield and Lamar

The South American ball-room dancers who appear at Grosvenor House in the latest edition of the Monte Carlo Follies; they do a nice Cucaracha

New Clarges Restaurant and Café Divan

THERE 's no one so high-collared he doesn't love being made really welcome in a restaurant: the least vain man is vulnerable to that subtle flattery. One has the strongest impression of just such a reception here, and it 's worth mentioning because, even in good restaurants, it is not a matter of course. Binaco, the manager, gets credit for this, and so, especially, does the proprietor, Mr. Harwath, who is a real host, and has trained his staff to follow his example.

Like the good French restaurant it is, the New Clarges gets every sort of celebrity and cosmopolitan as customer. The Alec Waughs, Sheila Kaye-Smith, G. B. Stern may supply a literary flavour; Jack Hulbert or Roland Young a footlight one; the Marquis and Marquise de Paris, Princess Polignac, Princess Hélène, Baron de Courlande come here when they are in England. So does that great man, Dr. Axel Munthe, whose sight, it is good to hear, is amazingly better since his operation.

Here are some food and drink reminders. Fish is the great speciality of the house, whether it 's trout, lobster, or a particularly well-cooked sole. For those who like champagne, there 's a fine list at most moderate prices. The Harwath cocktail, of a light fresh flavour, is the best appetiser yet discovered; it makes you feel both hungry, healthy and cheerful. Every dish is finished, French style, in front of the prospective consumer. Finally and most important, car-parking presents no problems for the hurried or lazy; Clarges Street is quiet and uncrowded, even in a Jubilee season.

Grosvenor House

A NEW Monte Carlo Follies show went on here about two weeks ago—the same Girls, but in new acts and dresses, and the turns that alternate with theirs are also different. Felix Ferry puts his cabarets on well; the lighting and colour schemes are as good as in most revues. The "La Cucaracha" finale, in which the

Howard Jacobs

A sketch of the famous saxaphonist, who now leads his band for the Carlton dancing couples

Derby Night Gala at: GROSVENOR HOUSE

Wednesday, 5th June

Felix Ferry's

MONTE CARLO FOLLIES

2nd Spring Edition with

DON STUART, MANSFIELD & LAMAR, PAUL & WALTER BRIANT
BERNICE STONE, THE MANINGOS and

16 of America's most beautiful girls

Dancing to the **GROSVENOR HOUSE BAND**
Under the direction of SYD LIPTON

Dinner, Dancing, Cabaret, 30/-

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EXTENSION OF LICENSE TILL 2 a.m.

Mr. Harwath and His New Clarges Restaurant

The proprietor of the New Clarges Restaurant is blind, but he knows very well all that goes on. Mr. S. Harwath is Austrian by birth, but has been a naturalised Englishman for many years

latest South American dancers, Mansfield and Lamar, demonstrate, is most attractively dressed. "Les Girls'" dancing is admittedly not up to stage chorus standards, but they get a straight O.K. for looks. And to find the restaurant nine-tenths full on a Monday night, when a fifty per cent. congestion is the usual thing, proves that a London life hasn't affected their power to charm.

The best of the turns are Paul and Walter Briant, who do a slow, dreamy knockabout act that's grotesquely funny. Both they and the acrobatic Maningos are new to London.

This edition of the show has two or three weeks more to run, and then there will be another change-over, "Les Girls" and the kind of programme remaining constant. The silver room, with its two-levelled floor, strikes one afresh each time one sees it as an unquestionably good bit of design. By day also it's charming, very light and sunny, the silver catching up the sunlight which ought, in a normal summer, to be blazing in over the Hyde Park tree-tops.

The San Marco

HERE also the décor is repetitively pleasing, and as frequently discussed. Shy young men, if any such come here, have a safe opening topic, especially if they know that Oliver Messel "did it." The whole thing is so uncompromisingly Venetian and mannered that one might have expected some carping during all the San Marco's months of crowded life; but not at all. It's been a complete success; everyone likes it, and if anyone doesn't, he knows he's wrong and keeps a wise silence.

As at the Ritz, the young-marrieds have taken atmospheric possession. Debs know their place if they are brought here.

The San Marco

Venetian view from the San Marco's entrance, towards the band (Maurice Winnick's) in its curtained alcove. The dragon and the black boy are all part of the amusing décor

au RITZ

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The Carlton

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One asks oneself why the débutante has so little restaurant influence nowadays. She just doesn't count, not in the way the young matrons of to-day did in *their* first seasons. Lady Veronica Hornby and her husband come here as often as anyone; they 've adopted the restaurant as a sort of second home. And who else? Well, Sweenys, Waggs, John Masons, Dunns—it wouldn't be a surprise to see any of them having supper any night. Last week there was a big Italian Embassy party one evening in honour of Mussolini's daughter and son-in-law, Count and Countess Ciano.

The no-cabaret policy continues, and is to be commended. After all, there are plenty of occasions when to talk is more entertaining than to listen; many a promising conversation has been struck dead by that drum-roll that commands silence for the performance.

Maurice Winnick's band plays as well as ever for those who dance.

Café de la Paix

Now, for a change, let's have some musical comedy surroundings, and escape from the ubiquitous young-marrieds. Claire Luce, who is taking Simone Simon's part in the English version of *Toi et Moi*, has been in lately. So have Olive Sloane, Peter Haddon, Martin Walker, and the *Jack o' Diamonds* stars, Greta Fayne and Bobbie Comber.

Celebrating on Saturday night were the South African cricketers, under the watchful eye of their manager, S. J. Snooke. However, he didn't seem to stop them enjoying themselves. Cabaret turns change every week or two weeks. To hold the musical comedy note, Anne Croft had her first cabaret engagement here the other day, and very good she was, *and* popular. She deserved her success, if only because she wouldn't take any salary, but sent her cheque to the Jubilee Fund.

Next door, at Veerasawmy's, the deplorably cold weather has given the curry-eaters an excuse to order the fieriest dishes. Or is it hot weather that makes them fireproof inside, so that they feel cool by contrast? Anyway, the Indian Restaurant is always full whatever the weather, both for lunch and theatre dinners. And for non-fire-eaters, the mild curry 's worth ordering for the sake of the twenty or so chutneys, Bombay ducks, and other extras that go with it.

Morrell's

Herewith an introduction to a new venture off the Mayfair beat. This is Morrell's Restaurant, at West Wickham, in Kent, a pleasant place for an out-of-London dinner and dancing evening. Brand-new, very light and bright and modern as to decoration, with big windows all round that give a vaguely ship-like feeling, as does the spotless freshness everywhere, the interior itself is a refreshment. The food is good and not too elaborate, which is in keeping; the service is efficient. The Swiss manager, whose name is Tzchanz (he 's known as "Chance"), was at the Savoy for some time, so there 's nothing pseudo about the running of the place. The small band of four is also good, and there are always two cabaret turns, well put on. They are changed every two weeks or so.

There 's a roof-garden and a swimming-pool still in the making. The roof-garden will probably be open quite shortly, and if the weather's encouraging there may be a dance floor up there in the open air. Altogether, Morrell's makes an attractive addition to the list of summer evening possibilities.

Veerasawmy's Indian Restaurant

An Indian brings your cocktail, an Indian takes your order, and the chefs also come from the land that invented curries. Verasawmy's is next door to the Café de la Paix

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NORTHOLT PARK

Monday, June 3rd

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1st Race 3 p.m. **Lawn and Paddock 10/-**

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HOW TO GET THERE

Marylebone or Paddington to Northolt Park 1/3 return. Piccadilly Tube to S. Harrow (cheap day return). By Road via Western Avenue.

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Lunch on the course in charming surroundings

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SUPPER DANCE CABARET 8/6

CLIVE ERARD and his Band. Orchestra plays during Dinner

To welcome and look after you for Lunch, Dinner or Supper: *Giulio Trapani* (*Late Romano's and Hotel de Paris, Bray*), *Louis* (*late Ciro's and Kit-Cat*)

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New Clarges Hotel & Restaurant

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THE re-building of the last section of the Fleming's New Clarges Hotel is now completed. The new Half Moon Street Hall facilitates the entrance to the Restaurant, Café and Grill Room. The Hotel is now entirely modernised, with large and small suites of rooms and every modern equipment. The Restaurant, Café and Grill in Clarges Street, are famous throughout Europe for their Cuisine and Wines; and specialise in Oysters, Lobsters, and every variety of fish. S. HARWATH.

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DINE AND DANCE

in the

"GARDEN of ENGLAND"

NIGHTLY CABARET

DANCING to MERLIN MORGAN and his MUSIC

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

5/6

Morrell's

RESTAURANT,

WEST WICKHAM, KENT.

Autos via Westminster, Crystal Palace, Elmers End, West Wickham, left at bottom of Corkscrew Hill, and first right.

(*Proprietors:* Franks Club, Ltd.)

'Phone: Springpark 1767.

Morrell's Restaurant

Morrell's is the new restaurant in Kent—past West Wickham and down Corkscrew Hill. The band is Merlin Morgan's. On the left are the huge windows that stretch across one end of the room

The Oakeley Arms

FURTHER afield, much further afield—in fact, in North Wales, is the Oakeley Arms Hotel, famous in the days of the famous coaching inns, and in the last year or two returned to its former glories. The house itself is old, but has been completely and very attractively modernised inside. The "amenities" include a hard tennis court, golf at Royal St. Davids, nine miles away, sea-trout fishing. The famous Black Rock Sands are also about nine miles distant, where there is perfect bathing from a beach where cars can be driven for no less than three miles on sand. The main attraction, however, is the beauty of the Vale of Maentwrog and its lakes and rivers. The Inn has a lovely view, and all round are endless walks and drives, and some of the best rock-climbing in Wales for those who dare.

The manager, J. V. Roberts, and his wife are charming people, and know very well how to make their guests comfortable. The food is good and so is the wine list. Most of the cellarage is away below sea-level, and the beer that 's produced therefrom is gloriously cold. The postal address of the Inn, which, incidentally, is under the same ownership as the well-known Lake Vyrnwy Hotel, is Tan-y-Bwlch, Blaenau-Festiniog, North Wales. E. L.

The Oakeley Arms

This Welsh inn has a most modern cocktail bar, with an authentic white-coated barman, although the house itself dates back to coaching days

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Beyond the blue mountains, in Central Wales, you come to another world—a world that has never been disturbed by the roar of machinery or spoiled by the smoke from a factory chimney. How delightful to explore those peaceful wooded valleys where the clearest of streams and waterfalls splash through the rocks and fern, or to walk for miles across sun-swept hills and moors without ever being aware of the shadow of industry. How delightful, too, to come back to the gay social life of a resort such as Llandrindod Wells where there's first-class golf and tennis, a variety of indoor entertainment and some really magnificent hotels.

There are plenty of fast L M S trains to take you to Central Wales. Penny-a-mile with a Monthly Return Ticket (First class 1½d. a mile). Break your journey anywhere you like on the route going or coming back. As soon as you get to your resort station go to the booking-office and ask for a "Holiday Contract Ticket." It costs you only 15/- and with it you can travel for a week by any train in a wide area, from Shrewsbury in the North to Swansea in the South.

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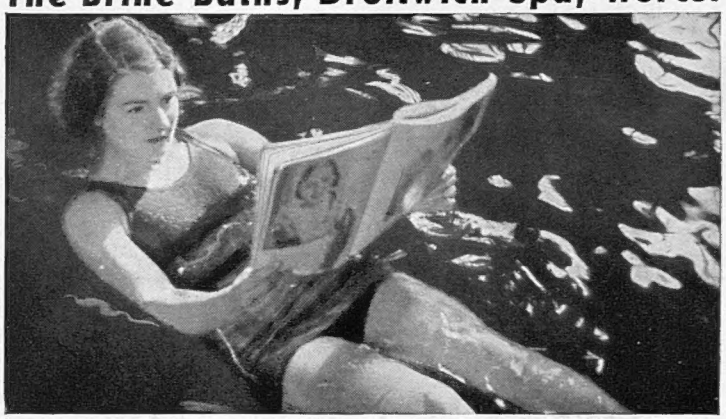

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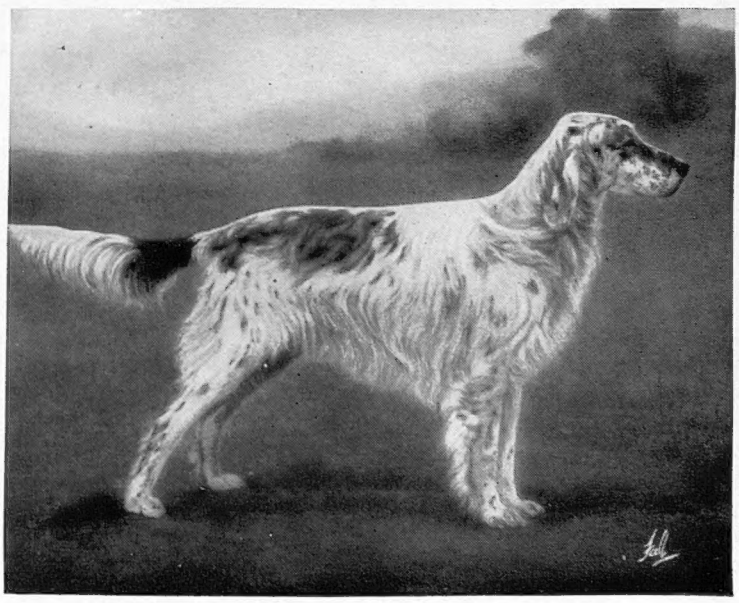

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